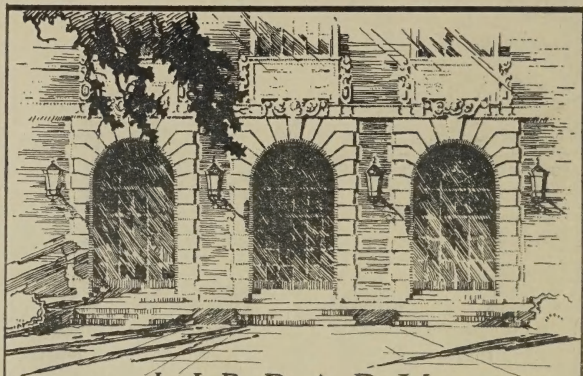


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DITTIES § § §

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The full text of the poem, "The Settler," appears in *Collier's* Weekly for March 7. Collier's has agreed to publish exclusively in America all Kipling's poems on political or timely topics that are printed in the London Times. "The Settler," like all the rest of his recent verse, is political. It devotes seven stanzas to echoing Joseph Chamberlain's appeal for love and good fellowship between the Boers and Britons in South Africa. Here are three of the stanzas:

[Copyright, 1903, by Rudyard Kipling.]

Here in a large and a sunlit land, where no wrong  
bites to the bone,

I will lay my hand in my neighbor's hand, and to-  
gether we will atone

For the set folly and the red breach and the black  
waste of it all;

Giving and taking counsel each over the cattle kraal.

Earth where we rode to slay or be slain our love shall  
redeem unto life;

We will gather and lead to her lips again the waters  
of ancient strife

From the far and the fiercely guarded streams and  
the pools where we lay in wait,

Till the corn cover our evil dreams, and the young  
corn our hate.

Here in the wastes and the troughs of the plains  
where the healing stillness lies,

And the vast benignant sky restrains, and the long  
days make wise—

Bless to our use the rain and the sun and the blind  
seed in its bed.

That we may repair the wrong that was done to  
the living and the dead!

÷ ÷ ÷

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and Purity in Tone  
ction.

of all Piano Possibility.

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# Departmental Ditties

*And Other Verses*

BY

RUDYARD KIPLING



NEW YORK

M. F. MANSFIELD AND COMPANY





821

K62d

189-

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## FOREWORD.

IN 1886 the first edition of "Departmental Ditties"—a small volume of about 70 pages was published in Calcutta and at once met with a favorable reception. "Other Verses" were afterwards added, making a volume of twice the bulk of the original edition. A review in the Academy (London 1888) said:—"The book gives hope of a new literary star of no mean magnitude rising in the East." A forecast that was proven by the later work of Mr. Kipling.





DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES.

I HAVE eaten your bread and salt,  
I have drunk your water and wine,  
The deaths ye died I have watched beside,  
And the lives that ye led were mine.

Was there aught that I did not share  
In vigil or toil or ease,—  
One joy or woe that I did not know,  
Dear hearts across the seas?

I have written the tale of our life  
For a sheltered people's mirth,  
In jesting guise—but ye are wise,  
And ye know what the jest is worth.



GENERAL SUMMARY.

WE are very slightly changed  
From the semi-apes who ranged  
India's prehistoric clay;  
Whoso drew the longest bow,  
Ran his brother down, you know,  
As we run men down to-day.

"Dowb," the first of all his race,  
Met the Mammoth face to face  
On the lake or in the cave,  
Stole the steadiest canoe,  
Ate the quarry others slew,  
Died—and took the finest grave.

When they scratched the reindeer-bone,  
Some one made the sketch his own,  
Filched it from the artist—then,  
Even in those early days,  
Won a simple Viceroy's praise  
Through the toil of other men.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Ere they hewed the Sphinx's visage  
Favoritism governed kissage,  
Even as it does in this age.

Who shall doubt the secret hid  
Under Cheops' pyramid  
Was that the contractor did  
    Cheops out of several millions?  
Or that Joseph's sudden rise  
To Comptroller of Supplies  
Was a fraud of monstrous size  
    On King Pharaoh's swart Civilians?

Thus, the artless songs I sing  
Do not deal with anything  
    New or never said before.  
As it was in the beginning,  
Is to-day official sinning,  
    And shall be for evermore.



THE POST THAT FITTED.

THOUGH tangled and twisted the course of true love,  
This ditty explains  
No tangle's so tangled it cannot improve  
If the Lover has brains.

ERE the steamer bore him Eastward,  
Sleary was engaged to marry  
An attractive girl at Tunbridge, whom he  
called "my little Carrie."  
Sleary's pay was very modest; Sleary was  
the other way.  
Who can cook a two-plate dinner on eight  
paltry dibs a day?

Long he pondered o'er the question in  
his scanty furnished quarters—  
Then proposed to Minnie Boffkin, eldest  
of Judge Boffkin's daughters.  
Certainly an impecunious Subaltern was  
not a catch,  
But the Boffkins knew that Minnie  
mightn't make another match.

THE POST THAT FITTED.

So they recognized the business, and, to  
feed and clothe the bride,

Got him made a Something Something  
somewhere on the Bombay side.

Anyhow, the billet carried pay enough  
for him to marry—

As the artless Sleary put it:—"Just the  
thing for me and Carrie."

Did he, therefore, jilt Miss Boffkin—  
impulse of a baser mind?

No! He started epileptic fits of an appal-  
ling kind.

(Of his *modus operandi* only this much I  
could gather:—

"Pears' shaving sticks will give you little  
taste and lots of lather.")

Frequently in public places his affliction  
used to smite

Sleary with distressing vigor—always in  
the Boffkins' sight.

THE POST THAT FITTED.

Ere a week was over Minnie weepingly  
returned his ring,  
Told him his "unhappy weakness" stop-  
ped all thought of marrying.

Sleary bore the information with a chas-  
tened holy joy,—  
Epileptic fits don't matter in Political  
employ,—  
Wired three short words to Carrie—took  
his ticket, packed his kit—  
Bade farewell to Minnie Boffkin in one  
last, long, lingering fit.

Four weeks later, Carrie Sleary read—  
and laughed until she wept—  
Mrs. Boffkins' warning letter on the  
"wretched epilept."  
Year by year, in pious patience, vengeful  
Mrs. Boffkin sits  
Waiting for the Sleary babies to develop  
Sleary's fits.

STUDY OF AN ELEVATION, IN  
INDIAN INK.

THIS ditty is a string of lies.  
But—how the deuce did Gubbins rise?

POTIPHAR GUBBINS, C. E.,  
Stands at the top of the tree;  
And I muse in my bed on the reasons  
that led  
To the hoisting of Potiphar G.

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,  
Is seven years junior to Me;  
Each bridge that he makes he either  
buckles or breaks,  
And his work is as rough as he.

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,  
Is coarse as a chimpanzee;  
And I can't understand why you gave  
him your hand,  
Lovely Mehitabel Lee.

STUDY OF AN ELEVATION, IN  
INDIAN INK.

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,  
Is dear to the Powers that Be;  
For They bow and They smile in an affa-  
ble style  
Which is seldom accorded to Me.

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,  
Is certain as certain can be  
Of a highly paid post which is claimed  
by a host  
Of seniors—including Me.

Careless and lazy is he,  
Greatly inferior to Me.  
What is the spell that you manage so well,  
Commonplace Potiphar G.?

Lovely Mehitabel Lee,  
Let me inquire of thee,  
Should I have riz to what Potiphar is,  
Hadst thou been mated to Me?

A CODE OF MORALS.

LEST you should think this story true,  
I merely mention I  
Evolved it lately. 'Tis a most  
Unmitigated misstatement.

NOW Jones had left his new-wed  
bride to keep his house in order,  
And hied away to the Hurrum Hills above  
the Afghan border,  
To sit on a rock with a heliograph; but  
ere he left he taught  
His wife the wording of the Code that  
sets the miles at naught.

And love had made him very sage, as  
Nature made her fair;  
So Cupid and Apollo linked, *per* helio-  
graph, the pair.  
At dawn, across the Hurrum Hills, he  
flashed her counsel wise—  
At e'en, the dying sunset bore her hus-  
band's homilies.

A CODE OF MORALS.

He warned her 'gainst seductive youths  
in scarlet clad and gold,

As much as 'gainst the blandishments pa-  
ternal of the old;

But kept his gravest warnings for (hereby  
the ditty hangs)

That snowy-haired Lothario, Lieutenant-  
General Bangs.

'Twas General Bangs, with Aide and Staff,  
that tittupped on the way,

When they beheld a heliograph tempes-  
tuously at play;

They thought of Border risings, and of  
stations sacked and burnt—

So stopped to take the message down—  
and this is what they learnt:—

“ Dash dot dot, dot, dot dash, dot dash  
dot ” twice. The General swore.

“ Was ever General Officer addressed as  
'dear' before ?



A CODE OF MORALS.

‘My Love,’ i’ faith! ‘My Duck,’ Gad-zooks!  
‘My darling popsy-wop!’  
Spirit of great Lord Wolseley, *who* is on  
that mountain top?”

The artless Aide-de-camp was mute; the  
gilded Staff were still,  
As, dumb with pent-up mirth, they booked  
that message from the hill;  
For, clear as summer’s lightning flare,  
the husband’s warning ran:—  
“Don’t dance or ride with General Bangs  
—a most immoral man.”

(At dawn, across the Hurrum Hills, he  
flashed her counsel wise—  
But, howsoever Love be blind, the world  
at large hath eyes.)  
With damnatory dot and dash he helio-  
graphed his wife  
Some interesting details of the General’s  
private life.

A CODE OF MORALS.

The artless Aide-de-camp was mute; the  
shining Staff were still,

And red and ever redder grew the Gen-  
eral's shaven gill.

And this is what he said at last (his feel-  
ings matter not):—

“I think we've tapped a private line.  
Hi! Threes about there! Trot!”

All honor unto Bangs, for ne'er did Jones  
thereafter know

By word or act official who read off that  
helio.;

But the tale is on the Frontier, and from  
Michni to Mooltan

They knew the worthy General as “that  
most immoral man.”

ARMY HEADQUARTERS.

OLD is the song that I sing—  
Old as my unpaid bills—  
Old as the chicken that *kitmutgars* bring  
Men at dāk-bungalows—old as the Hills.

A HASUERUS JENKINS of the  
“Operatic Own”

Was dowered with a tenor voice of *super-*  
Santley tone.

His views on equitation were, perhaps, a  
trifle queer;

He had no seat worth mentioning, but  
oh! he had an ear.

He clubbed his wretched company a  
dozen times a day,

He used to quit his charger in a parabolic  
way,

His method of saluting was the joy of all  
beholders,

But Ahasuerus Jenkins had a head upon  
his shoulders.

ARMY HEADQUARTERS.

He took two months to Simla when the  
year was at the spring,

And underneath the deodars eternally  
did sing.

He warbled like a *bulbul*, but particularly  
at

Cornelia Agrippina, who was musical and  
fat.

She controlled a humble husband, who in  
turn controlled a Dept.,

Where Cornelia Agrippina's human sing-  
ing birds were kept

From April to October on a plump retain-  
ing fee,

Supplied, of course, *per mensem*, by the  
Indian Treasury.

Cornelia used to sing with him, and Jen-  
kins used to play;

He praised unblushingly her notes, for he  
was false as they:

ARMY HEADQUARTERS.

So when the winds of April turned the  
budding roses brown,  
Cornelia told her husband:—"Tom, you  
mustn't send him down."

They haled him from his regiment, which  
didn't much regret him;  
They found for him an office stool, and  
on that stool they set him,  
To play with maps and catalogues three  
idle hours a day,  
And draw his plump retaining fee—which  
means his double pay.

Now, ever after dinner, when the coffee  
cups are brought,  
Ahasuerus waileth o'er the grand piano-  
forte;  
And, thanks to fair Cornelia, his fame  
hath waxen great,  
And Ahasuerus Jenkins is a power in the  
State.

A LEGEND OF THE FOREIGN  
OFFICE.

THIS is the reason why Rustum Beg,  
Rajah of Kolazai,  
Drinketh the "simpkin" and brandy peg,  
Maketh the money to fly,  
Vexeth a Government tender and kind,  
Also—but this is a detail—blind.

RUSTUM BEG of Kolazai—slightly  
backward native state—  
Lusted for a C. S. I.,—so began to sani-  
tate.

Built a Jail and Hospital—nearly built a  
City drain—  
Till his faithful subjects all thought their  
ruler was insane.

Strange departures made he then—yea,  
Departments stranger still,  
Half a dozen Englishmen helped the  
Rajah with a will,  
Talked of noble aims and high, hinted of  
a future fine

A LEGEND OF THE FOREIGN  
OFFICE.

For the State of Kolazai, on a strictly  
Western line.

Rajah Rustum held his peace; lowered  
octroi dues a half;

Organized a State Police; purified the  
Civil Staff;

Settled cess and tax afresh in a very  
liberal way;

Cut temptations of the flesh—also cut the  
Bukhshi's pay;

Roused his Secretariat to a fine Mahratta  
fury,

By a Hookum hinting at supervision of  
*dasturi*;

Turned the State of Kolazai very nearly  
upside down;

When the end of May was nigh, waited  
his achievement crown.

A LEGEND OF THE FOREIGN  
OFFICE.

Then the Birthday Honors came. Sad to  
state and sad to see,  
Stood against the Rajah's name nothing  
more than *C. I. E.*!

Things were lively for a week in the State  
of Kolazai.

Even now the people speak of that time  
regretfully.

How he disendowed the Jail—stopped at  
once the City drain;

Turned to beauty fair and frail—got his  
senses back again;

Doubled taxes, cesses, all; cleared away  
each new-built *thana*;

Turned the two-lakh Hospital into a  
superb *Zenana*;

Heaped upon the Bukhshi Sahib wealth  
and honors manifold;



A LEGEND OF THE FOREIGN  
OFFICE.

Clad himself in Eastern garb—squeezed  
his people as of old.

Happy, happy Kolazai! Never more will  
Rustum Beg

Play to catch the Viceroy's eye. He pre-  
fers the "simpkin" peg.

THE STORY OF URIAH.

“Now there were two men in one city; the one rich and the other poor.”

JACK BARRETT went to Quetta  
Because they told him to.

He left his wife at Simla

On three-fourths his monthly screw:

Jack Barrett died at Quetta

Ere the next month's pay he drew.

Jack Barrett went to Quetta.

He didn't understand

The reason of his transfer

From the pleasant mountain-land:

The season was September,

And it killed him out of hand.

Jack Barrett went to Quetta,

And there gave up the ghost,

Attempting two men's duty

In that very healthy post;

And Mrs. Barrett mourned for him

Five lively months at most.

THE STORY OF URIAH.

Jack Barrett's bones at Quetta  
Enjoy profound repose;  
But I shouldn't be astonished  
If *now* his spirit knows  
The reason of his transfer  
From the Himalayan snows.

And, when the Last Great Bugle Call  
Adown the Hurnai throbs,  
When the last grim joke is entered  
In the big black Book of Jobs,  
And Quetta graveyards give again  
Their victims to the air,  
I shouldn't like to be the man  
Who sent Jack Barrett there.

PUBLIC WASTE.

WALPOLE talks of "a man and his price."  
List to a ditty queer—  
The sale of a Deputy-Acting-Vice-  
Resident-Engineer,  
Bought like a bullock, hoof and hide,  
By the Little Tin Gods on the Mountain Side.

BY the Laws of the Family Circle 'tis  
written in letters of brass  
That only a Colonel from Chatham can  
manage the Railways of State,  
Because of the gold on his breeks, and the  
subjects wherein he must pass;  
Because in all matters that deal not with  
Railways his knowledge is great.

Now Exeter Battleby Tring had labored  
from boyhood to eld  
On the Lines of the East and the West,  
and eke of the North and South;  
Many Lines had he built and surveyed—  
important the posts which he held;  
And the Lords of the Iron Horse were  
dumb when he opened his mouth.

PUBLIC WASTE.

Black as the raven his garb, and his heresies jettier still—

Hinting that Railways required lifetimes of study and knowledge;

Never clanked sword by his side—Vauban he knew not, nor drill—

Nor was his name on the list of the men who had passed through the “College.”

Wherefore the Little Tin Gods harried their little tin souls,

Seeing he came not from Chatham, jingled no spurs at his heels,

Knowing that, nevertheless, was he first on the Government rolls

For the billet of “Railway Instructor to Little Tin Gods on Wheels.”

Letters not seldom they wrote him, “having the honor to state,”

It would be better for all men if he were laid on the shelf:

PUBLIC WASTE.

Much would accrue to his bank book, and  
he consented to wait  
Until the Little Tin Gods built him a  
berth for himself.

“Special, well paid, and exempt from the  
Law of the Fifty and Five,  
Even to Ninety and Nine”—these were  
the terms of the pact:

Thus did the Little Tin Gods (long may  
Their Highnesses thrive!)  
Silence his mouth with rupees, keeping  
their Circle intact;

Appointing a Colonel from Chatham who  
managed the Bhamo State Line,  
(The which was one mile and one furlong  
—a guaranteed twenty-inch gauge).  
So Exeter Battleby Tring consented his  
claims to resign,  
And died, on four thousand a month, in  
the ninetieth year of his age.

DELILAH.

WE have another Viceroy now, those days are dead  
and done,  
Of Delilah Aberyswith and depraved Ulysses  
Gunne.

**D**ELILAH ABERYSWITH was a  
lady—not too young—  
With a perfect taste in dresses, and a  
badly bitted tongue,  
With a thirst for information, and a  
greater' thirst for praise,  
And a little house in Simla, in the Pre-  
historic Days.

By reason of her marriage to a gentleman  
in power,  
Delilah was acquainted with the gossip of  
the hour;  
And many little secrets, of a half-official  
kind,  
Were whispered to Delilah, and she bore  
them all in mind.

DELILAH.

She patronized extensively a man, Ulysses  
Gunn,

Whose mode of earning money was a low  
and shameful one.

He wrote for divers papers, which, as  
everybody knows,

Is worse than serving in a shop or scaring  
off the crows.

He praised her "queenly beauty" first;  
and, later on, he hinted

At the "vastness of her intellect" with  
compliments unstinted.

He went with her a-riding, and his love  
for her was such

That he lent her all his horses, and—she  
galled them very much.

One day, THEY brewed a secret of a fine  
financial sort;

It related to Appointments, to a Man and  
a Report.



DELILAH.

'Twas almost worth the keeping (only  
seven people knew it),  
And Gunne rose up to seek the truth and  
patiently ensue it.

It was a Viceroy's Secret, but—perhaps  
the wine was red—  
Perhaps an aged Councillor had lost his  
aged head—  
Perhaps Delilah's eyes were bright—  
Delilah's whispers sweet—  
The Aged Member told her what 'twere  
treason to repeat.

Ulysses went a-riding, and they talked of  
love and flowers;  
Ulysses went a-calling, and he called for  
several hours;  
Ulysses went a-waltzing, and Delilah  
helped him dance—  
Ulysses let the waltzes go, and waited for  
his chance.

DELILAH.

The summer sun was setting, and the  
summer air was still,

The couple went a-walking in the shade  
of Summer Hill,

The wasteful sunset faded out in turkis-  
green and gold,

Ulysses pleaded softly and . . . that bad  
Delilah told!

Next morn a startled Empire learnt the  
all-important news;

Next week the Aged Councillor was shak-  
ing in his shoes;

Next month I met Delilah, and she did  
not show the least

Hesitation in affirming that Ulysses was a  
“beast.”

. . . . .  
We have another Viceroy now, those days  
are dead and done,

Of Delilah Aberyswith and most mean  
Ulysses Gunne!

WHAT HAPPENED.

HURREE CHUNDER MOOKER-  
JEE, pride of Bow Bazar,  
Owner of a native press, "Barrishter-at-  
Lar,"  
Waited on the Government with a claim  
to wear  
Sabres by the bucketful, rifles by the  
pair.

Then the Indian Government winked a  
wicked wink,  
Said to Chunder Mookerjee: "Stick to  
pen and ink,  
They are safer implements; but, if you  
insist,  
We will let you carry arms wheresoe'er  
you list."

Hurree Chunder Mookerjee sought the  
gunsmith and

WHAT HAPPENED.

Bought the tuber of Lancaster, Ballard,  
Dean and Bland,

Bought a shiny bowie-knife, bought a  
town-made sword,

Jingled like a carriage horse when he  
went abroad.

But the Indian Government, always keen  
to please,

Also gave permission to horrid men like  
these—

Yar Mahommed Yusufzai, down to kill or  
steal,

Chimbu Singh from Bikaner, Tantia the  
Bhil.

Killar Khan the Marri chief, Jowar Singh  
the Sikh,

Nubbee Baksh Punjabi Jat, Abdul Huq  
Rafiq—

He was a Wahabi; last, little Boh  
Hla-oo

WHAT HAPPENED.

Took advantage of the act—took a Snider  
too.

They were unenlightened men, Ballard  
knew them not,  
They procured their swords and guns  
chiefly on the spot,  
And the lore of centuries, plus a hundred  
fights,  
Made them slow to disregard one an-  
other's rights.

With a unanimity dear to patriot hearts  
All those hairy gentlemen out of foreign  
parts  
Said: "The good old days are back—  
let us go to war!"  
Swaggered down the Grand Trunk Road,  
into Bow Bazar.

Nubbee Baksh Punjabi Jat found a hide-  
bound flail,

WHAT HAPPENED.

Chimbu Singh from Bikaner oiled his  
Tonk jezail,  
Yar Mahommed Yusufzai spat and grinned  
with glee  
As he ground the butcher-knife of the  
Khyberree.

Jowar Singh the Sikh procured sabre,  
quoit, and mace,  
Abdul Huq, Wahabi, took the dagger  
from its place,  
While amid the jungle-grass danced and  
grinned and jabbered  
Little Boh Hla-oo and cleared the dah-  
blade from the scabbard.

What became of Mookerjee? Soothly,  
who can say?  
Yar Mahommed only grins in a nasty  
way,  
Jowar Singh is reticent, Chimbu Singh is  
mute,

WHAT HAPPENED.

But the belts of them all simply bulge  
with loot.

What became of Ballard's guns ? Afghans  
black and grubby

Sell them for their silver weight to the  
men of Pubbi;

And the shiny bowie-knife and the town-  
made sword are

Hanging in a Marri camp just across the  
Border.

What became of Mookerjee ? Ask Ma-  
homed Yar

Prodding Siva's sacred bull down the  
Bow Bazar.

Speak to placid Nubbee Baksh—question  
land and sea—

Ask the Indian Congress men—only don't  
ask me!

PINK DOMINOES.

"THEY are fools who kiss and tell,"  
Wisely has the poet sung.  
Man may hold all sorts of posts  
If he'll only hold his tongue.

JENNY and Me were engaged, you  
see,

On the eve of the Fancy Ball;  
So a kiss or two was nothing to you  
Or any one else at all.

Jenny would go in a domino—  
Pretty and pink but warm;  
While I attended, clad in a splendid  
Austrian uniform.

Now we had arranged, through notes ex-  
changed

Early that afternoon,  
At Number Four to waltz no more,  
But to sit in the dusk and spoon.

(I wish you to see that Jenny and Me  
Had barely exchanged our troth;



*PINK DOMINOES.*

So a kiss or two was strictly due  
By, from, and between us both.)

When Three was over, an eager lover,  
I fled to the gloom outside;  
And a Domino came out also  
Whom I took for my future bride.

That is to say, in a casual way,  
I slipped my arm around her;  
With a kiss or two (which is nothing to  
you),  
And ready to kiss I found her.

She turned her head and the name she  
said  
Was certainly not my own;  
But ere I could speak, with a smothered  
shriek  
She fled and left me alone.

Then Jenny came, and I saw with shame  
She'd doffed her domino;

PINK DOMINOES.

And I had embraced an alien waist—  
But I did not tell her so.

Next morn I knew that there were two  
Dominoes pink, and one  
Had cloaked the spouse of Sir Julian  
Vouse,  
Our big political gun.

Sir J. was old, and her hair was gold,  
And her eye was a blue cerulean;  
And the name she said when she turned  
her head  
Was not in the least like "Julian."

Now wasn't it nice, when want of *pice*  
Forbade us twain to marry,  
That old Sir J., in the kindest way,  
Made me his *Secretarry*?

THE MAN WHO COULD WRITE.

SHUN—shun the Bowl! That fatal, facile drink  
Has ruined many geese who dipped their quills  
in't:  
Bribe, murder, marry, but steer clear of Ink  
Save when you write receipts for paid-up bills in't.  
There may be silver in the "blue black"—all  
I know of is the iron and the gall.

**B**OANERGES BLITZEN, servant of  
the Queen,  
Is a dismal failure—is a Might-have-  
been.

In a luckless moment he discovered men  
Rise to high position through a ready  
pen.

Boanerges Blitzen argued, therefore: "I  
With the selfsame weapon can attain as  
high."

Only he did not possess, when he made  
the trial,

Wicked wit of C-lv-n, irony of L—l.

(Men who spar with Government, need  
to back their blows,

THE MAN WHO COULD WRITE.

Something more than ordinary journalistic prose.)

Never young Civilian's prospects were so bright,

Till an Indian paper found that he could write:

Never young Civilian's prospects were so dark,

When the wretched Blitzen wrote to make his mark.

Certainly he scored it, bold and black and firm,

In that Indian paper—made his seniors squirm,

Quoted office scandals, wrote the tactless truth—

Was there ever known a more misguided youth?

When the rag he wrote for, praised his plucky game,

THE MAN WHO COULD WRITE.

Boanerges Blitzen felt that this was  
Fame:

When the men he wrote of, shook their  
heads and swore,  
Boanerges Blitzen only wrote the more.

Posed as Young Ithuriel, resolute and  
grim,  
Till he found promotion didn't come to  
him;  
Till he found that reprimands weekly  
were his lot,  
And his many Districts curiously hot.

Till he found his furlough strangely hard  
to win,  
Boanerges Blitzen didn't care a pin:  
Then it seemed to dawn on him some-  
thing wasn't right--  
Boanerges Blitzen put it down to  
"spite."

THE MAN WHO COULD WRITE.

Languished in a District desolate and  
dry;

Watched the Local Government yearly  
pass him by;

Wondered where the hitch was; called it  
most unfair.

. . . . .  
That was seven years ago—and he still  
is there.

MUNICIPAL.

“WHY is my District death-rate low?”

Said Blinks of Hezebad.

“Wells, drains, and sewage-outfalls are

My own peculiar fad.

I learned a lesson once. It ran

Thus,” quote that most veracious man:—

I T was an August evening, and, in  
snowy garments clad,  
I paid a round of visits in the lines of  
Hezebad;  
When, presently, my Waler saw, and did  
not like at all,  
A Commissariat elephant careering down  
the Mall.  
I couldn't see the driver, and across my  
mind it rushed  
That the Commissariat elephant had sud-  
denly gone *musth*.  
I didn't care to meet him, and I couldn't  
well get down,  
So I let the Waler have it, and we  
headed for the town.

MUNICIPAL.

The buggy was a new one, and, praise  
Dykes, it stood the strain,  
Till the Waler jumped a bullock just  
above the City Drain;  
And the next that I remember was a hur-  
ricane of squeals,  
And the creature making toothpicks of  
my five-foot patent wheels.

He seemed to want the owner, so I fled,  
distraught with fear,  
To the Main Drain sewage-outfall while  
he snorted in my ear—  
Reached the four-foot drain-head safely,  
and, in darkness and despair,  
Felt the brute's proboscis fingering my  
terror-stiffened hair.

Heard it trumpet on my shoulder—tried  
to crawl a little higher—



MUNICIPAL.

Found the Main Drain sewage-outfall  
blocked, some eight feet up, with  
mire;

And, for twenty reeking minutes, Sir, my  
very marrow froze,

While the trunk was feeling blindly for a  
purchase on my toes!

It missed me by a fraction, but my hair  
was turning gray

Before they called the drivers up and  
dragged the brute away.

Then I sought the City Elders, and my  
words were very plain.

They flushed that four-foot drain-head,  
and—it never choked again.

You may hold with surface-drainage, and  
the sun-for-garbage cure,

Till you've been a periwinkle shrinking  
coily up a sewer.

MUNICIPAL.

I believe in well-flushed culverts . . .

This is why the death-rate's small;

And, if you don't believe me, get *shik-*  
*arred* yourself. That's all.

THE LAST DEPARTMENT.

TWELVE hundred million men are spread  
About this Earth, and I and You  
Wonder, when You and I are dead,  
What will those luckless millions do.

“NONE whole or clean,” we cry,  
“or free from stain  
Of favor.” Wait awhile, till we attain  
The Last Department, where nor fraud  
nor fools,  
Nor grade nor greed, shall trouble us  
again.

Fear, Favor, or Affection—what are  
these  
To the grim Head who claims our ser-  
vices?

I never knew a wife or interest yet  
Delay that *pukka* step, miscalled “de-  
cease;”

When leave, long over-due, none can  
deny;

THE LAST DEPARTMENT.

When idleness of all Eternity

Becomes our furlough, and the marigold  
Our thriftless, bullion-minting Treasury.

Transferred to the Eternal Settlement

Each in his strait, wood-scantled office  
pent,

No longer Brown reverses Smith's ap-  
peals,

Or Jones records his Minute of Dissent.

And One, long since a pillar of the Court,  
As mud between the beams thereof is  
wrought;

And One who wrote on phosphates for  
the crops

Is subject-matter of his own Report.

(These be the glorious ends whereto we  
pass—

Let Him who Is, go call on Him who  
Was;

THE LAST DEPARTMENT.

And He shall see the *mallee* steals the  
slab  
For currie-grinder, and for goats the  
grass.)

A breath of wind, a Border bullet's  
flight,  
A draught of water, or a horse's fright—  
The droning of the fat *Sheristadar*  
Ceases, the punkah stops, and falls the  
night

For you or Me. Do those who live de-  
cline  
The step that offers, or their work  
resign?

Trust me, To-day's Most Indispens-  
ables,  
Five hundred men can take your place or  
mine.

OTHER VERSES.



TO THE UNKNOWN GODDESS.

WILL you conquer my heart with  
your beauty; my soul going out  
from afar?

Shall I fall to your hand as a victim of  
crafty and cautious *shikar*?

Have I met you and passed you already,  
unknowing, unthinking and blind?

Shall I meet you next session at Simla, O  
sweetest and best of your kind?

Does the P. and O. bear you to me-ward,  
or, clad in short frocks in the West,  
Are you growing the charms that shall  
capture and torture the heart in my  
breast?

Will you stay in the Plains till September  
—my passion as warm as the day?

Will you bring me to book on the Moun-  
tains, or where the thermantidotes  
play?



TO THE UNKNOWN GODDESS.

When the light of your eyes shall make  
pallid the mean lesser lights I pursue,  
And the charm of your presence shall

lure me from love of the gay "thirteen-two;"

When the peg and the pigskin shall please  
not; when I buy me Calcutta-built  
clothes;

When I quit the Delight of Wild Asses;  
forswearing the swearing of oaths;

As a deer to the hand of the hunter when  
I turn 'mid the gibes of my friends;  
When the days of my freedom are numbered,  
and the life of the bachelor ends.

Ah Goddess! child, spinster, or widow—  
as of old on Mars Hill when they  
raised

TO THE UNKNOWN GODDESS.

To the God that they knew not an altar  
—so I, a young Pagan, have praised

The Goddess I know not nor worship;  
yet, if half that men tell me be true,  
You will come in the future, and there-  
fore these verses are written to you.

LA NUIT BLANCHE.

A MUCH-DISCERNING Public hold  
The Singer generally sings  
Of personal and private things,  
And prints and sells his past for gold.

Whatever I may here disclaim,  
The very clever folk I sing to  
Will most indubitably cling to  
Their pet delusion, just the same.

I HAD seen, as dawn was breaking  
And I staggered to my rest,  
Tari Devi softly shaking  
From the Cart Road to the crest.  
I had seen the spurs of Jakko  
Heave and quiver, swell and sink.  
Was it Earthquake or tobacco,  
Day of Doom or Night of Drink ?

In the full, fresh, fragrant morning  
I observed a camel crawl,  
Laws of gravitation scorning,  
On the ceiling and the wall ;

LA NUIT BLANCHE.

Then I watched a fender walking,  
And I heard gray leeches sing,  
And a red-hot monkey talking  
Did not seem the proper thing.

Then a Creature, skinned and crimson,  
Ran about the floor and cried,  
And they said I had the "jims" on,  
And they dosed me with bromide,  
And they locked me in my bedroom—  
Me and one wee Blood Red Mouse—  
Though I said: "To give my head room  
You had best unroof the house."

But my words were all unheeded,  
Though I told the grave M. D.  
That the treatment really needed  
Was a dip in open sea  
That was lapping just below me,  
Smooth as silver, white as snow,  
And it took three men to throw me  
When I found I could not go.

LA NUIT BLANCHE.

Half the night I watched the Heavens

    Fizz like '81 champagne—

Fly to sixes and to sevens,

    Wheel and thunder back again;

And when all was peace and order

    Save one planet nailed askew,

Much I wept because my warder

    Would not let me set it true.

After frenzied hours of waiting,

    When the Earth and Skies were dumb,

Pealed an awful voice dictating

    An interminable sum,

Changing to a tangled story—

    “What she said you said I said”—

Till the Moon arose in glory,

    And I found her . . . in my head;

Then a Face came, blind and weeping,

    And It couldn't wipe Its eyes,

And It muttered I was keeping

    Back the moonlight from the skies;

LA NUIT BLANCHE.

So I patted It for pity,  
    But It whistled shrill with wrath,  
And a huge black Devil City  
    Poured its peoples on my path.

So I fled with steps uncertain  
    On a thousand-year long race,  
But the bellying of the curtain  
    Kept me always in one place;  
While the tumult rose and maddened  
    To the roar of Earth on fire,  
Ere it ebbed and sank and saddened  
    To a whisper tense as wire.

In intolerable stillness  
    Rose one little, little star,  
And it chuckled at my illness,  
    And it mocked me from afar;  
And its brethren came and eyed me,  
    Called the Universe to aid;  
Till I lay, with naught to hide me,  
    'Neath the Scorn of All Things Made.

LA NUIT BLANCHE.

Dun and saffron, robed and splendid,  
    Broke the solemn, pitying Day,  
And I knew my pains were ended,  
    And I turned and tried to pray;  
But my speech was shattered wholly,  
    And I wept as children weep,  
Till the dawn-wind, softly, slowly  
    Brought to burning eyelids sleep.

MY RIVAL.

I GO to concert, party, ball—  
What profit is in these?

I sit alone against the wall  
And strive to look at ease.

The incense that is mine by right

They burn before Her shrine;

And that's because I'm seventeen

And She is forty-nine.

I cannot check my girlish blush,

My color comes and goes;

I redden to my finger-tips,

And sometimes to my nose.

But She is white where white should be,

And red where red should shine.

The blush that flies at seventeen

Is fixed at forty-nine.

I wish *I* had Her constant cheek:

I wish that I could sing

All sorts of funny little songs,

Not quite the proper thing.



MY RIVAL.

I'm very *gauche* and very shy,  
Her jokes aren't in my line;  
And, worst of all, I'm seventeen  
While She is forty-nine.

The young men come, the young men go,  
Each pink and white and neat,  
She's older than their mothers, but  
They grovel at Her feet.

They walk beside Her '*rickshaw* wheels—  
None ever walk by mine;  
And that's because I'm seventeen  
And She is forty-nine.

She rides with half a dozen men,  
(She calls them "boys" and "mashers")  
I trot along the Mall alone;  
My prettiest frocks and sashes  
Don't help to fill my programme-card,  
And vainly I repine  
From ten to two A.M. Ah me!  
Would I were forty-nine!

MY RIVAL.

She calls me "darling," "pet," and  
"dear,"

And "sweet retiring maid."

I'm always at the back, I know,

She puts me in the shade.

She introduces me to men,

"Cast" lovers, I opine,

For sixty takes to seventeen,

Nineteen to forty-nine.

But even She must older grow

And end Her dancing days,

She can't go on forever so

At concerts, balls, and plays.

One ray of priceless hope I see

Before my footsteps shine:

Just think, that She'll be eighty-one

when I am forty-nine.

THE LOVERS' LITANY.

EYES of gray — a sodden quay,  
Driving rain and falling tears,  
As the steamer wears to sea  
In a parting storm of cheers.

Sing, for Faith and Hope are high —  
None so true as you and I—  
Sing the Lovers' Litany:—  
“*Love like ours can never die!*”

Eyes of black—a throbbing keel,  
Milky foam to left and right;  
Whispered converse near the wheel  
In the brilliant tropic night.

Cross that rules the Southern Sky!  
Stars that sweep and wheel and fly  
Hear the Lovers' Litany:—  
“*Love like ours can never die!*”

Eyes of brown—a dusty plain  
Split and parched with heat of June,

THE LOVERS LITANY.

Flying hoof and tightened rein,  
Hearts that beat the old, old tune.

Side by side the horses fly,  
Frame we now the old reply  
Of the Lovers' Litany:—

*“ Love like ours can never die ! ”*

Eyes of blue—the Simla Hills  
Silvered with the moonlight hoar;  
Pleading of the waltz that thrills,  
Dies and echoes round Benmore.

*“ Mabel, ” “ Officers, ” “ Good-by, ”*  
Glamour, wine, and witchery—  
On my soul's sincerity,

*“ Love like ours can never die ! ”*

Maidens, of your charity,  
Pity my most luckless state.  
Four times Cupid's debtor I—  
Bankrupt in quadruplicate.

THE LOVERS' LITANY.

Yet, despite this evil case,  
An a maiden showed me grace,  
Four-and-forty times would I  
Sing the Lovers' Litany:—  
“*Love like ours can never die!*”

*A BALLAD OF BURIAL.*

---

(*"Saint Praxed's ever was the Church for Peace."*)

I F down here I chance to die,  
Solemnly I beg you take  
All that is left of "I"  
To the Hills for old sake's sake.  
Pack me very thoroughly  
In the ice that used to slake  
Pegs I drank when I was dry—  
This observe for old sake's sake.

To the railway station hie,  
There a single ticket take  
For Umballa—goods train—I  
Shall not mind delay or shake.  
I shall rest contentedly  
Spite of clamor coolies make;  
Thus in state and dignity  
Send me up for old sake's sake.

Next the sleepy Babu wake,  
Book a Kalka van "for four."  
Few, I think, will care to make  
Journeys with me any more

A BALLAD OF BURIAL.

As they used to do of yore.

I shall need a "special" break—  
Thing I never took before—

Get me one for old sake's sake.

After that—arrangements make.

No hotel will take me in,  
And a bullock's back would break  
'Neath the teak and leaden skin.

Tonga ropes are frail and thin,

Or, did I a back seat take,  
In a tonga I might spin—

Do your best for old sake's sake.

After that—your work is done.

Recollect a Padre must  
Mourn the dear departed one—

Throw the ashes and the dust.  
Don't go down at once. I trust

You will find excuse to "snake  
Three days' casual on the bust,"

Get your fun for old sake's sake.

A BALLAD OF BURIAL.

I could never stand the Plains.

Think of blazing June and May,

Think of those September rains

Yearly till the Judgment Day!

I should never rest in peace,

I should sweat and lie awake.

Rail me, then, on my decease,

To the Hills for old sake's sake.



PAGETT, M.P.

THE toad beneath the harrow knows  
Exactly where each tooth-point goes.  
The butterfly upon the road  
Preaches contentment to that toad.

PAGETT, M.P., was a liar, and a  
fluent liar therewith,—  
He spoke of the heat of India as the  
“Asian Solar Myth;”  
Came on a four months’ visit, to “study  
the East,” in November,  
And I got him to sign an agreement vow-  
ing to stay till September.

March came in with the *köil*. Pagett  
was cool and gay,  
Called me a “bloated Brahmin,” talked  
of my “princely pay.”  
March went out with the roses. “Where  
is your heat?” said he.  
“Coming,” said I to Pagett. “Skittles!”  
said Pagett, M.P.

PAGETT, M.P.

April began with the punkah, coolies, and  
prickly-heat,—

Pagett was dear to mosquitoes, sandflies  
found him a treat.

He grew speckled and lumpy—hammered,  
I grieve to say,

Aryan brothers who fanned him, in an  
illiberal way.

May set in with a dust-storm,—Pagett  
went down with the sun.

All the delights of the season tickled him  
one by one.

*Imprimis*—ten days' "liver"—due to his  
drinking beer;

Later, a dose of fever—slight, but he  
called it severe.

Dysent'ry touched him in June, after the  
*Chota Bursat*—

Lowered his portly person—made him  
yearn to depart.

PAGETT, M.P.

He didn't call me a "Brahmin," or  
"bloated," or "overpaid,"  
But seemed to think it a wonder that any  
one stayed.

July was a trifle unhealthy,—Pagett was ill  
with fear,  
Called it the "Cholera Morbus," hinted  
that life was dear.

He babbled of "Eastern exile," and men-  
tioned his home with tears;  
But I hadn't seen *my* children for close  
upon seven years.

We reached a hundred and twenty once  
in the Court at noon,  
(I've mentioned Pagett was portly) Pagett  
went off in a swoon.

That was an end to the business; Pagett,  
the perjured, fled  
With a practical, working knowledge of  
"Solar Myths" in his head.

PAGETT, M.P.

And I laughed as I drove from the station,  
but the mirth died out on my lips  
As I thought of the fools like Pagett who  
write of their " Eastern trips,"  
And the sneers of the travelled idiots who  
duly misgovern the land,  
And I prayed to the Lord to deliver an-  
other one into my hand.

THE RUPAIYAT OF OMAR KAL

VIN.

[ALLOWING for the difference 'twixt prose and rhymed exaggeration, this ought to reproduce the sense of what Sir A.—told the nation some time ago, when the Government struck from our incomes two per cent.]

NOW the New Year, reviving last  
Year's Debt,  
The Thoughtful Fisher casteth wide his  
Net;  
So I with begging Dish and ready  
Tongue  
Assail all Men for all that I can get.

Imports indeed are gone with all their  
Dues—  
Lo! Salt a Lever that I dare not use,  
Nor may I ask the Tillers in Bengal—  
Surely my Kith and Kin will not refuse!  
Pay—and I promise, by the Dust of  
Spring,

THE RUPAIYAT OF OMAR KAL  
VIN.

Retrenchment. If my promises can bring  
Comfort, Ye have Them now a thousand-  
fold—

By Allah! I will promise *Anything!*

Indeed, indeed, Retrenchment oft before  
I swore—but did I mean it when I swore?

And then, and then, We wandered to  
the Hills,  
And so the Little Less became Much  
More.

Whether at Boileaugunge or Babylon,  
I know not how the wretched Thing is  
done,

The Items of Receipt grow surely small;  
The Items of Expense mount one by one.

I cannot help it. What have I to do  
With One and Five, or Four, or Three, or  
Two?

THE RUPAIYAT OF OMAR KAL  
VIN.

Let Scribes spit Blood and Sulphur as  
they please,  
Or Statemen call me foolish—Heed not  
you.

Behold, I promise—Anything You will.  
Behold, I greet you with an empty Till—  
Ah! Fellow-Sinners, of your Charity  
Seek not the Reason of the Dearth, but  
fill.

For if I sinned and fell, where lies the  
Gain  
Of Knowledge? Would it ease you of  
your Pain  
To know the tangled Threads of Rev-  
enue,  
I ravel deeper in a hopeless Skein?

“Who hath not Prudence”—what was it  
I said,

THE RUPAIYAT OF OMAR KAL  
VIN.

Of Her who paints Her Eyes and tires Her  
    Head,  
    And gibes and mocks the People in the  
    Street,  
And fawns upon them for Her thriftless  
    Bread ?

Accursed is She of Eve's daughters—She  
Hath cast off Prudence, and Her End  
    shall be  
    Destruction . . . Brethren, of your  
    Bounty grant  
Some portion of your daily Bread to *Me*



THE MARE'S NEST.

JANE Austen Beecher Stowe de Rouse  
Was good beyond all earthly need;  
But, on the other hand, her spouse  
Was very, very bad indeed.  
He smoked cigars, called churches slow,  
And raced—but this she did not  
know.

For Belial Machiavelli kept  
The little fact a secret, and,  
Though o'er his minor sins she wept,  
Jane Austen did not understand  
That Lilly—thirteen-two and bay—  
Absorbed one-half her husband's pay.

She was so good, she made him worse;  
(Some women are like this, I think;)  
He taught her parrot how to curse,  
Her Assam monkey how to drink.  
He vexed her righteous soul until  
She went up, and he went down hill.

THE MARE'S NEST.

Then came the crisis, strange to say,  
Which turned a good wife to a better.  
A telegraphic peon, one day,  
Brought her—now, had it been a letter  
For Belial Machiavelli, I  
Know Jane would just have let it lie.

But 'twas a telegram instead,  
Marked "urgent," and her duty plain  
To open it. Jane Austen read:—  
"Your Lilly's got a cough again.  
Can't understand why she is kept  
At your expense." Jane Austen wept.

It was a misdirected wire.

Her husband was at Shaitanpore.  
She spread her anger, hot as fire,  
Through six thin foreign sheets or  
more,  
Sent off that letter, wrote another  
To her solicitor—and mother.

THE MARE'S NEST.

Then Belial Machiavelli saw  
Her error and, I trust, his own,  
Wired to the minion of the Law,  
And travelled wifeward—not alone.  
For Lilly—thirteen-two and bay—  
Came in a horse-box all the way.

There was a scene—a weep or two—  
With many kisses. Austen Jane  
Rode Lilly all the season through,  
And never opened wires again.  
She races now with Belial. This  
Is very sad, but so it is.

IN SPRINGTIME.

MY garden blazes brightly with the  
rose-bush and the peach,

And the *köil* sings above it, in the *siris*  
by the well,

From the creeper-covered trellis comes  
the squirrel's chattering speech,

And the blue-jay screams and flutters  
where the cheery *sat-bhai* dwell.

But the rose has lost its fragrance, and  
the *köil's* note is strange;

I am sick of endless sunshine, sick of  
blossom-burdened bough.

Give me back the leafless woodlands  
where the winds of Springtime  
range—

Give me back one day in England, for  
it's Spring in England now!

Through the pines the gusts are booming,  
o'er the brown fields blowing chill,

IN SPRINGTIME.

From the furrow of the ploughshare  
streams the fragrance of the loam,  
And the hawk nests on the cliff-side and  
the jackdaw in the hill,

And my heart is back in England mid  
the sights and sounds of Home.

But the garland of the sacrifice this wealth  
of rose and peach is;

Ah! *köil*, little *köil*, singing on the *siris*  
bough,

In my ears the knell of exile your cease-  
less bell-like speech is—

Can *you* tell me aught of England or of  
Spring in England now?

THE OVERLAND MAIL.

*(Foot-Service to the Hills.)*

I N the name of the Empress of India,  
make way,

O Lords of the Jungle, wherever you  
roam.

The woods are astir at the close of the  
day—

We exiles are waiting for letters from  
Home.

Let the robber retreat—let the tiger turn  
tail—

In the Name of the Empress, the Over-  
land Mail!

With a jingle of bells as the dusk gathers  
in,

He turns to the foot-path that heads  
up the hill—

The bags on his back and a cloth round  
his chin,

THE OVERLAND MAIL.

And, tucked in his waist-belt, the Post  
Office bill:—

“Despatched on this date, as received by  
the rail,  
*Per* runner, two bags of the Overland  
Mail.”

Is the torrent in spate? He must ford it  
or swim.

Has the rain wrecked the road? He  
must climb by the cliff.

Does the tempest cry “Halt”? What  
are tempests to him?

The Service admits not a “but” or  
an “if.”

While the breath’s in his mouth, he must  
bear without fail,

In the Name of the Empress, the Over-  
land Mail.

From aloe to rose-oak, from rose-oak to  
fir,

THE OVERLAND MAIL.

From level to upland, from upland to  
crest,  
From rice-field to rock-ridge, from rock-  
ridge to spur,  
Fly the soft sandalled feet, strains the  
brawny brown chest.  
From rail to ravine—to the peak from the  
vale—  
Up, up through the night goes the Over-  
land Mail.

There's a speck on the hillside, a dot on  
the road—  
A jingle of bells on the foot-path  
below—  
There's a scuffle above in the monkey's  
abode—  
The world is awake, and the clouds are  
aglow.



THE OVERLAND MAIL.

For the great Sun himself must attend to  
the hail:—

“ In the name of the Empress, the Over-  
land Mail! ”

POSSIBILITIES.

AY, lay him 'neath the Simla pine—  
A fortnight fully to be missed,  
Behold, we lose our fourth at whist,  
A chair is vacant where we dine.

His place forgets him; other men  
Have bought his ponies, guns and traps.  
His fortune is the Great Perhaps  
And that cool rest-house down the glen,

Whence he shall hear, as spirits may,  
Our mundane revel on the height,  
Shall watch each flashing 'rickshaw-  
light

Sweep on to dinner, dance and play.

Benmore shall woo him to the ball  
With lighted rooms and braying band,  
And he shall hear and understand  
“*Dream Faces*” better than us all.

POSSIBILITIES.

For, think you, as the vapors flee  
    Across Sanjaolie after rain,  
    His soul may climb the hill again  
To each old field of victory.

Unseen, who women held so dear,  
    The strong man's yearning to his  
    kind  
    Shall shake at most the window-blind,  
Or dull awhile the card-room's cheer.

In his own place of power unknown,  
    His Light o' Love another's flame,  
    His dearest pony galloped lame,  
And he an alien and alone.

Yet may he meet with many a friend—  
    Shrewd shadows, lingering long un-  
    seen  
    Among us when "*God save the Queen*"  
Shows even "extras" have an end.

POSSIBILITIES.

And, when we leave the heated room,  
And, when at four the lights expire,  
The crew shall gather round the fire  
And mock our laughter in the gloom.

Talk as we talked, and they ere death—  
First wanly, dance in ghostly wise,  
With ghosts of tunes for melodies,  
And vanish at the morning's breath.

THE BETROTHED.

“YOU must choose between me and your cigar.”

OPEN the old cigar-box, get me a  
Cuba stout,  
For things are running crossways, and  
Maggie and I are out.

We quarrelled about Havanas—we fought  
o'er a good cheroot,  
And I know she is exacting, and she says I  
am a brute.

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider  
a space;  
In the soft blue veil of the vapor, musing  
on Maggie's face.

Maggie is pretty to look at—Maggie's a  
loving lass,  
But the prettiest cheeks must wrinkle,  
the truest of loves must pass.

THE BETROTHED.

There's peace in a Laranaga, there's calm  
in a Henry Clay,  
But the best cigar in an hour is finished  
and thrown away—

Thrown away for another as perfect and  
ripe and brown—  
But I could not throw away Maggie for  
fear o' the talk o' the town!

Maggie, my wife at fifty—gray and dour  
and old—  
With never another Maggie to purchase  
for love or gold!

And the light of Days that have Been, the  
dark of the Days that Are,  
And Love's torch stinking and stale, like  
the butt of a dead cigar—

The butt of a dead cigar you are bound  
to keep in your pocket—

THE BETROTHED.

With never a new one to light tho' it's  
charred and black to the socket.

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider  
a while—

Here is a mild Manilla—there is a wifely  
smile.

Which is the better portion—bondage  
bought with a ring,

Or a harem of dusky beauties fifty tied in  
a string ?

Counsellors cunning and silent—com-  
forters true and true.

And never a one of the fifty to sneer at a  
rival bride.

Thought in the early morning, solace in  
time of woes,

Peace in the hush of the twilight, balm  
ere my eyelids close.

THE BETROTHED.

This will the fifty give me, asking nought  
in return,

With only a *Suttee's* passion—to do their  
duty and burn.

This will the fifty give me. When they  
are spent and dead,

Five times other fifties shall be my ser-  
vants instead.

The furrows of far-off Java, the isles of  
the Spanish Main,

When they hear my harem is empty, will  
send me my brides again.

I will take no heed to their raiment, nor  
food for their mouth withal,

So long as the gulls are nesting, so long  
as the showers fall.

I will scent 'em with best vanilla, with tea  
will I temper their hides,



THE BETROTHED.

And the Moor and the Mormon shall envy  
who read of the tale of my brides.

For Maggie has written a letter to give  
me my choice between  
The wee little whimpering Love and the  
great god Nick o' Teen.

And I have been servant of Love for  
barely a twelvemonth clear,  
But I have been Priest of Partagas a  
matter of seven year;

And the gloom of my bachelor days is  
flecked with the cheery light  
Of stumps that I burned to Friendship  
and Pleasure and Work and Fight.

And I turn my eyes to the future that  
Maggie and I must prove,  
But the only light on the marshes is the  
Will-o'-the-Wisp of Love.

THE BETROTHED.

Will it see me safe through my journey,  
or leave me bogged in the mire?  
Since a puff of tobacco can cloud it, shall  
I follow the fitful fire?

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider  
anew—  
Old friends, and who is Maggie that I  
should abandon *you*?

A million surplus Maggies are willing to  
bear the yoke;  
And a woman is only a woman, but a  
good cigar is a Smoke.

Light me another Cuba; I hold to my  
first-sworn vows,  
If Maggie will have no rival, I'll have no  
Maggie for spouse!

## THE MASQUE OF PLENTY.

ARGUMENT.—The Indian Government, being minded to discover the economic condition of their lands, sent a Committee to inquire into it ; and saw that it was good.

SCENE.—*The wooded heights of Simla.*

*The Incarnation of the Government of India in the raiment of the Angel of Plenty sings, to pianoforte accompaniment:—*

“HOW sweet is the shepherd’s sweet  
life !

From the dawn to the even he strays—  
He shall follow his sheep all the day,  
And his tongue shall be fillèd with  
praise.

*(Adagio dim.)* Fillèd with praise !

*(Largendo con sp.)* Now this is the posi-  
tion,  
Go make an inquisi-  
tion

THE MASQUE OF PLENTY.

Into their real condition  
As swiftly as ye may.

(*p.*) Ay, paint our swarthy billions  
The richest of vermilions  
Ere two well-led cotillions  
Have danced themselves away.

TURKISH PATROL, *as able and intelligent*  
*Investigators wind down the Hima-*  
*layas:—*

What is the state of the Nation? What  
is its occupation?  
Hi! get along, get along, get along—  
lend us the information!

(*Dim.*) Census the *byle* and the *yabu*—  
capture a first-class Babu,  
Set him to cut Gazetteers—Gazetteers . . .

(*ff.*) What is the state of the Nation,  
etc., etc.

THE MASQUE OF PLENTY.

INTERLUDE, *from Nowhere in Particular,*  
*to stringed and Oriental instruments.*

Our cattle reel beneath the yoke they  
bear—

The earth is iron, and the skies are  
brass—

And faint with fervor of the flaming air  
The languid hours pass.

The well is dry beneath the village tree—

The young wheat withers ere it reach  
a span,

And belts of blinding sand show cruelly  
Where once the river ran.

Pray, brothers pray, but to no earthly  
King—

Lift up your hands above the blighted  
grain,

Look westward—if they please, the Gods  
shall bring

THE MASQUE OF PLENTY.

Their mercy with the rain.

Look westward—bears the blue no brown  
cloud-bank?

Nay, it is written—wherefore should  
we fly?

On our own field and by our cattle's flank  
Lie down, lie down to die!

SEMI-CHORUS.

By the plumed heads of Kings  
Waving high,  
Where the tall corn springs  
O'er the dead.

If they rust or rot we die,  
If they ripen we are fed.  
Very mighty is the power of our  
Kings!

*Triumphal return to Simla of the Investi-  
gators, attired after the manner of Dion-*

THE MASQUE OF PLENTY.

*ysus, leading a pet tiger-cub in wreaths of rhubarb leaves, symbolical of India under medical treatment. They sing:—*

We have seen, we have written— behold  
it, the proof of our manifold toil !  
In their hosts they assembled and told it  
—the tale of the sons of the soil.  
We have said of the Sickness, “Where is  
it?—and of death, “It is far from  
our ken ;”  
We have paid a particular visit to the  
affluent children of men.  
We have trodden the mart and the well-  
curb—we have stooped to the bield  
and the byre ;  
And the King may the forces of Hell  
curb, for the People have all they  
desire !

*Castanets and step-dance:*

THE MASQUE OF PLENTY.

Oh, the *dom* and the *mag* and the *thakur*  
and the *thag*,

And the *nat* and the *brinjaree*,

And the *bunnia* and the *ryot* are as happy  
and as quiet

And as plump as they can be !

Yes, the *jain* and the *jat* in his stucco-  
fronted hut,

And the bounding *bazugar*,

By the favor of the King, are as fat as  
anything,

They are—they are—they are !

RECITATIVE, *Government of India, with  
white satin wings and electroplated  
harp:—*

How beautiful upon the mountains—in  
peace reclining,

Thus to be assured that our people are  
unanimously dining.



THE MASQUE OF PLENTY.

And though there are places not so  
blessed as others in natural advant-  
ages, which, after all, was only to  
be expected,

Proud and glad are we to congratulate  
you upon the work you have thus  
ably effected.

(*Cres.*) How be-ewtiful upon the moun-  
tains !

HIRED BAND, *brasses only, full chorus*:—

God bless the Squire  
And all his rich relations  
Who teach us poor people  
We eat our proper rations—  
We eat our proper rations,  
In spite of inundations,  
Malarial exhalations,  
And casual starvations,  
We have, we have, they say we have—  
We *have* our proper rations !

THE MASQUE OF PLENTY.

(*Cornet.*)

Which nobody can deny !

If he does he tells a lie—

We are all as willing as Barkis—

We all of us love the Markiss—

We all of us stuffs our ca-ar-kis—

With food until we die ! (*Da capo.*)

CHORUS OF THE CRYSTALLIZED FACTS.

Before the beginning of years

There came to the rule of the State

Men with a pair of shears,

Men with an estimate—

Strachey with Muir for leaven,

Lytton with locks that fell,

Ripon fooling with heaven,

And Temple riding like H-ll !

And the bigots took in hand

Cess and the falling of rain,

And the measure of sifted sand

THE MASQUE OF PLENTY.

The dealer puts in the grain—  
Imports by land and sea,  
To uttermost decimal worth,  
And registration—free—  
In the houses of death and of birth :  
And fashioned with pens and paper,  
And fashioned in black and white,  
With Life for a flickering taper  
And Death for a blazing light—  
With the Armed and the Civil Power,  
That his strength might endure for a  
span,  
From Adam's Bridge to Peshawur,  
The Much Administered man.

In the towns of the North and the East,  
They gathered as unto rule,  
They bade him starve the priest  
And send his children to school.  
Railways and roads they wrought,

*THE MASQUE OF PLENTY.*

For the needs of the soil within ;  
A time to squabble in court,  
A time to bear and grin,  
And gave him peace in his ways,  
Jails—and Police to fight,  
Justice at length of days,  
And Right—and Might in the Right.  
His speech is of mortgaged bedding,  
On his kine he borrows yet,  
At his heart is his daughter's wedding,  
In his eye foreknowledge of debt.  
He eats and hath indigestion,  
He toils and he may not stop ;  
His life is a long drawn question  
Between a crop and a crop.

AN OLD SONG.

SO long as 'neath the Kalka hills  
The tonga-horn shall ring,  
So long as down the Solon dip  
The hard-held ponies swing,  
So long as 'Tara Devi sees  
The lights o' Simia town,  
So long as pleasure calls us up,  
And duty drives us down,  
*If you love me as I love you,  
What pair so happy as we two?*

So long as Aces take the King,  
Or backers take the bet,  
So long as debt leads men to wed,  
Or marriage leads to debt,  
So long as little luncheons, Love,  
And scandal hold their vogue,  
While there is sport at Annandale  
Or whiskey at Jutogh,  
*If you love me as I love you,  
What knife can cut our love in two?*

AN OLD SONG.

So long as down the rocking floor  
The raving polka spins,  
So long as Kitchen Lancers spur  
The maddened violins,  
So long as through the whirling smoke  
We hear the oft-told tale.—  
“Twelve hundred in the Lotteries,”  
And *Whatshe name* for sale?  
*If you love me as I love you,*  
*We'll play the game and win it too.*

So long as Lust or Lucre tempt  
Straight riders from the course,  
So long as with each drink we pour  
Black brewage of Remorse,  
So long as those unloaded guns  
We keep beside the bed  
Blow off, by obvious accident,  
The lucky owner's head,  
*If you love me as I love you,*  
*What can Life kill or Death undo?*

AN OLD SONG.

So long as Death 'twixt dance and dance  
    Chills best and bravest blood,  
And drops the reckless rider down  
    The rotten, rain-soaked *khud*,  
So long as rumors from the North  
    Make loving wives afraid,  
So long as Burma takes the boy  
    And typhoid kills the maid,  
    *If you love me as I love you,*  
    *What knife can cut our love in two?*

By all that lights our daily life  
    Or works our lifelong woe,  
From Boileaugunge to Simla Downs  
    And those grim glades below,  
There heedless of the flying hoof  
    And clamor overhead,  
Sleep, with the gray langur for guard,  
    Our very scornful Dead,  
    *If you love me as I love you,*  
    *All earth is servant to us two?*

AN OLD SONG.

By Docket, Billetdoux, and File,  
By Mountain, Cliff, and Fir,  
By Fan and Sword and Office-box,  
By Corset, Plume, and Spur,  
By Riot, Revel, Waltz, and War,  
By Women, Work, and Bills,  
By all the life that fizzes in  
The everlasting Hills,

*If you love me as I love you,  
What pair so happy as we two?*



THE MOON OF OTHER DAYS.

BENEATH the deep verandah's shade,  
When bats begin to fly,  
I sit me down and watch—alas!—  
Another evening die.  
Blood-red behind the sere *ferash*  
She rises through the haze.  
Sainted Diana! can that be  
The Moon of Other Days?

Ah! shade of little Kitty Smith,  
Sweet Saint of Kensington!  
Say, was it ever thus at Home  
The Moon of August shone,  
When arm in arm we wandered long  
Through Putney's evening haze,  
And Hammersmith was Heaven beneath  
The Moon of Other Days?

But Wandle's stream is Sotlej now,  
And Putney's evening haze

THE MOON OF OTHER DAYS.

The dust that half a hundred kine  
    Before my window raise.  
Unkempt, unclean, athwart the mist  
    The seething city looms,  
In place of Putney's golden gorse  
    The sickly *babul* blooms.

Glare down, old Hecate, through the dust,  
    And bid the pic-dog yell,  
Draw from the drain its typhoid-germ,  
    From each bazaar its smell ;  
Yea, suck the fever from the tank  
    And sap my strength therewith :  
Thank heaven you show a smiling face  
    To little Kitty Smith !

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAID.

(June 21st, 1887.)

By the well where the bullocks go  
Silent and blind and slow—  
By the field, where the young corn dies  
In the face of the sultry skies,  
They have heard, as the dull Earth hears  
The voice of the wind of an hour,  
The sound of the Great Queen's voice :—  
“ My God hath given me years,  
Hath granted dominion and power,  
And I bid you, O Land, rejoice.”

And the Ploughman settles the share  
More deep in the grudging clod ;  
For he saith :—“ The wheat is my care,  
And the rest is the will of God.  
He sent the Mahratta spear  
As he sendeth the rain,  
And the *Mlech*, in the fated year,  
Broke the spear in twain,  
And was broken in turn. Who knows

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAID.

How our Lords make strife?  
It is good that the young wheat grows,  
For the bread is Life."

Then, far and near as the twilight drew,  
Hissed up to the scornful dark  
Great serpents, blazing, of red and blue,  
That rose and faded and rose anew,  
That the Land might wonder and mark  
"To-day is a day of days," they said,  
"Make merry, O People all!"  
And the ploughman listened and bowed  
his head:—

"To-day and to-morrow God's will," he  
said,  
As he trimmed the lamps on the wall.

"He sendeth us years that are good,  
As He sendeth the dearth.  
He giveth to each man his food,  
Or Her food to the Earth.

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAID.

Our Kings and our Queens are afar—  
On their peoples be peace—  
God bringeth the rain to the Bar,  
That our cattle increase.”

And the Ploughman settled the share  
More deep in the sun-dried clod :—  
“ Mogul, Mahratta, and *Mlech* from the  
North,  
And White Queen over the Seas—  
God raiseth them up and driveth them  
forth  
As the dust of the plougshare flies in the  
breeze ;  
But the wheat and the cattle are all my  
care,  
And the rest is the will of God.”

ONE VICEROY RESIGNS.

(Lord Dufferin to Lord Lansdowne).

SO here's your Empire. No more  
wine, then? Good.

We'll clear the Aides and *khitmatgars*  
away.

(You'll know that fat old fellow with the  
knife—

He keeps the Name Book, talks in Eng-  
lish too,

And almost thinks himself the Govern-  
ment).

O Youth, Youth, Youth! Forgive me,  
you're so young.

Forty from sixty—twenty years of work  
And power to back the working. *Ay de  
mi!*

You want to know, you want to see, to  
touch,

And, by your lights, to act. It's natural.

I wonder can I help you. Let me try.

ONE VICEROY RESIGNS.

You saw—what did you see from Bombay  
east ?

Enough to frighten any one but me ?

Neat that ! It frightened me in Eighty-  
four !

You shouldn't take a man from Canada  
And bid him smoke in powder magazines;  
Nor with a Reputation such as—Bah !

That ghost has haunted me for twenty  
years,

My reputation now full blown—Your  
fault—

Yours, with your stories of the strife at  
Home,

Who's up, who's down, who leads and  
who is led—

One reads so much and hears so little  
here.

Well, now's your turn of exile. I go  
back

ONE VICEROY RESIGNS.

To Rome and leisure. All roads lead to  
Rome,

Or books—the refuge of the destitute.

When you . . . that brings me back to  
India. See!

Start clear. I couldn't. Egypt served  
my turn.

You'll never plumb the Oriental mind,

And if you think it isn't worth the toil.

Think of a sleek French priest in Canada;

Divide by twenty half-breeds. Multiply

By twice the Sphinx's silence. There's  
your East,

And you're as wise as ever. So am I.

Accept on trust and work in darkness,  
strike

At venture, stumble forward, make your  
mark,

(It's chalk on granite), then thank God  
no flame



ONE VICEROY RESIGNS.

Leaps from the rock to shrivel mark and  
man.

I'm clear—my mark is made. Three  
months of drought

Has ruined much. It rained and washed  
away

The specks that might have gathered on  
my Name.

I took a country twice the size of France,  
And shuttered up one doorway in the  
North.

I stand by those. You'll find that both  
will pay,

I pledged my Name on both—they're  
yours to-night.

Hold to them—they hold fame enough  
for two.

I'm old, but I shall live till Burma pays.  
Men there — not German traders — Cr-  
sthw-te knows—

ONE VICEROY RESIGNS.

You'll find it in my papers. For the  
North

Guns always—quietly—but always guns.  
You've seen your Council? Yes, they'll  
try to rule,

And prize their reputations. Have you  
met

A grim lay-reader with a taste for coins,  
And faith in Sin most men withhold from  
God?

He's gone to England. R-p-n knew his  
grip

And kicked. A Council always has its  
H-pes.

They look for nothing from the West but  
Death

Or Bath or Bournemouth. Here's their  
ground.

They fight  
Until the middle classes take them back,

ONE VICEROY RESIGNS.

One of ten millions plus a C. S. I.  
Or drop in harness. Legion of the Lost?  
Not altogether—earnest, narrow men,  
But chiefly earnest, and they'll do your  
work,  
And end by writing letters to the *Times*.  
(Shall I write letters, answering H-nt-r—  
fawn  
With R-p-n on the Yorkshire grocers?  
Ugh !)  
They have their Reputations. Look to  
one—  
I work with him—the smallest of them  
all,  
White-haired, red-faced, who sat the  
plunging horse  
Out in the garden. He's your right-hand  
man,  
And dreams of tilting W-ls-y from the  
throne,

"It's Rudyard This and Kipling That  
With Any Writing Dodge."

**K** IPLING'S full name, it may not be generally remembered, is Joseph John Rudyard Kipling. In his literary work he has dropped the first two names, greatly to the orthoepic advantage of the remnant, thus proving, what was sometime a paradox, that the part is greater than the whole. As Joseph J. R. Kipling it is doubtful whether the Anglo-Indian poet-romancer would have arrested such immediate attention as he did under the unusual and striking and euphonious collocation of syllables represented by his two last names standing alone. Napoleon Bonaparte attributed part of his success in life to the splendid resonance of the name that was his by baptism and birthright. Other people less fortunate in fathers and godfathers have been forced to complete renunciation of patronymic handicaps in the struggle for popular success. Thus John Broddripp and John Rollands became respectively Henry Irving and Henry M. Stanley. Others again, like Mr. Kipling, needed only the dropping of the first name and the use of the second in full to rise from the commonplace to the dignified and distinctive. James B. Taylor and James B. Matthews are not names to capture the ear of Fame through any virtue of their own. But Bayard Taylor and Brander Matthews are almost as satisfying as Rudyard Kipling.

When, however, Mr. Kipling recently joined an Edinburgh Masonic lodge he allowed himself to be enrolled as Brother Joseph J. R. Kipling. This fact prompted the following lines in the London Academy, which may be copied with all the more satisfaction that the author affixes thereto the assurance, "This poem is not copyright."

**Brother "Joe,"**

I chanced to be at Rottingdean upon a little trip;  
I met a fellow Mason there-and gave the man the grip;

"What, ho!" I said, "my Rudyard." But his look  
was cold as snow;

"My name, you ought to understand," he said,  
"Is Brother Joe."

O, it's Rudyard this, and Kipling that, with  
poems, tales and such.

And Rudyard Kipling is a name that can't  
be known too much.

O, it's Rudyard this, and Kipling that, with  
any writing dodge.

But it's Brother Joseph Kipling when he  
joins a blooming lodge.

I went into a library to get a book to read.  
The man behind the counter asked, "What is it,  
sir, you need?"

"I want," I said, "the latest thing that Joseph  
Kipling's done."

"Go on!" he said. "You're having me. Joe Kip?  
There isn't one!"

O, it's Brother Joe, and Joseph, when in-  
signias are out.

And Kipling and Kipling's name...

...ent. The two roads together  
as the Union Traction sys...

outlook, then, while it is assuming a more comfortable aspect, seems to forecast a moderately firm money market, with no stringency and no idle oversupply.

÷ ÷ ÷

Trading in the local stock market yesterday was under 5,000 shares, but prices generally showed good improvement over those of the day before. The principal business was in the Linseed shares and Biscuit common. There was a lively advance in all these issues at the start, but it was not all maintained at the close. Match rose to 122 on a small amount of buying. The street railways and the elevateds were neglected.

÷ ÷ ÷

The American Linseed Company has taken over the Wright & Hills plant. It is understood that the total consideration was about \$500,000.

÷ ÷ ÷

Several of the leading commission houses in LaSalle street report heavy cash buying of stocks during the past week. Investors with money have taken advantage of the break to load up with the better class of stocks, many of which will be taken out of the market. This buying has encouraged not a few brokers to change their position from the bear to the bull side of the market, not in the belief that immediate profits can be secured, but because the ultimate outcome promises big returns. J. E. Otis, Jr., takes this view of the situation: "The depreciation of some securities has certainly gone too far. I believe that many railroad stocks and railroad bonds, as well as several industrials, are selling at a big discount, and I wish to go on record as having turned to the bull side. Prices are scraping bottom, and the man who waits for the low points before buying is liable to be left just the same as he who waits for the last fraction on which to sell out. It is our opinion that the cool-headed investor that comes in the market now and does not mind occasional weak spells in prices will be able to pocket large profits inside of thirty days."

÷ ÷ ÷

Clearings of Chicago banks last week aggregated \$151,977,847, as against \$143,256,682 in the corresponding week last year and \$143,882,784 in the preceding week this year. Following is the daily record of clearings and balances for the week, as prepared by Manager Street of the clearing-house:

	Clearings.	Balance
Monday .....	\$ 26,920,853.78	2,558.51
Tuesday .....	26,711,455.77	2,198.4
Wednesday .....	26,197,139.32	1,843,646.91
Thursday .....	27,781,646.06	1,813,366.98
Friday .....	23,675,666.36	1,676,590.97
Saturday .....	20,691,085.98	1,570,205.42
Total for week.....	\$151,977,847.27	\$11,660,977.35
Corresponding week last year .....	143,256,681.09	15,792,205.68

÷ ÷ ÷

Gross passenger receipts of the West Chicago Street Railroad for the year (the last ten days of December being estimated) show

But it's not a blooming song.

ONE VICEROY RESIGNS.

But while he dreams gives work we cannot buy ;

He has his Reputation—wants the Lords  
By way of Frontier Roads. Meantime,  
I think,

He values very much the hand that falls  
Upon his shoulder at the Council table—  
Hates cats and knows his business : *which*  
*is yours.*

Your business ! Twice a hundred million souls.

Your business ! I could tell you what I did

Some nights of Eighty-Five, at Simla,  
worth

A Kingdom's ransom. When a big ship  
drives,

God knows to what new reef the man at  
the wheel

Prays with the passengers. They lose  
their lives,

ONE VICEROY RESIGNS.

Or rescued go their way ; but he's no  
man

To take his trick at the wheel again—  
that's worse

Than drowning. Well, a galled Masho-  
bra mule

(You'll see Mashobra) passed me on the  
Mall,

And I was—some fool's wife had ducked  
and bowed

To show the others I would stop and  
speak.

Then the mule fell—three galls, a hand-  
breadth each,

Behind the withers. Mrs. Whatsisname  
Leers at the mule and me by turns, thweet  
thoul !

“ How could they make him carry such  
a load ! ”

I saw— It isn't often I dream dreams—

ONE VICEROY RESIGNS.

More than the mule that minute—smoke  
and flame

From Simla to the haze below. That's  
weak.

You're younger. You'll dream dreams  
before you're done.

You've youth, that's one—good work-  
men—that means two

Fair chances in your favor. Fate's the  
third.

I know what *I* did. Do you ask me,  
“Preach?”

I answer by my past or else go back  
To platitudes of rule—or take you thus  
In confidence and say:—“You know  
the trick

You governed Canada. You know. *You*  
know!”

And all the while commend you to Fate's  
hand



ONE VICEROY RESIGNS.

(Here at the top one loses sight o' God),  
Commend you, then, to something more  
than you—

The Other People's blunders and . . .  
that's all.

I'd agonize to serve you if I could.

It's incommunicable, like the cast

That drops the tackle with the gut adry.

Too much—too little—there's your sal-  
mon lost!

And so I tell you nothing—wish you  
luck,

And wonder—how I wonder!—for your  
sake

And triumph for my own. You're  
young, you're young,

You hold to half a hundred Shibboleths.

I'm old. I followed Power to the last,

Gave her my best and Power followed  
Me.

ONE VICEROY RESIGNS.

It's worth it—on my soul I'm speaking  
plain,

Here by the claret glasses!—worth it all.  
I gave—no matter what I gave—I win.  
I *know* I win. Mine's work, good work  
that live!

A country twice the size of France—the  
North

Safeguarded. That's my record: sink  
the rest

And better if you can. The Rains may  
serve,

Rupees may rise—three pence will give  
you Fame—

It's rash to hope for sixpence . . . If they  
rise

Get guns, more guns, and lift the salt-  
tax.

Oh!

I told you what the Congress meant or  
thought?

ONE VICEROY RESIGNS.

I'll answer nothing. Half a year will  
prove

The full extent of time and thought  
you'll spare

To Congress. Ask a Lady Doctor *once*  
How little Begums see the light—deduce  
Thence how the 'True Reformer's child  
is born.

It's interesting, curious . . . and vile.

I told the Turk he was a gentleman.

I told the Russian that his Tartar veins  
Bled pure Parisian ichor ; and he purred.

The Congress doesn't purr. I think it  
swears.

You're young—you'll swear too ere  
you've reached the end.

The End ! God help you, if there be a  
God.

(There must be one to startle Gl-dst-ne's  
soul

ONE VICEROY RESIGNS.

In that new land where all the wires are  
cut,  
And Cr-ss snores anthems on the as-  
phodel.)  
God help you! And I'd help you if I  
could,  
But that's beyond me. Yes, your speech  
was crude.  
Sound claret after olives—yours and mine;  
But Medoc slips into vin ordinaire.  
(I'll drink my first at Genoa to your  
health.)  
Raise it to Hock. You'll never catch  
my style.  
And, after all, the middle-classes grip  
The middle-class—for Brompton talk  
Earl's Court.  
Perhaps you're right. I'll see you in the  
*Times*—  
A quarter-column of eye-searing print,  
A leader once a quarter—then a war;

ONE VICEROY RESIGNS.

The Strand abellow through the fog:

“ Defeat ! ”

“ ‘Orrible slaughter !’ While you lie  
awake

And wonder. Oh, you’ll wonder ere  
you’re free !

I wonder now. The four years slide  
away

So fast, so fast, and leave me here alone.

R—y, C-lv-n, L—l, R-b-rts, B-ck, the  
rest,

Princes and Powers of Darkness, troops  
and trains,

(I *cannot* sleep in trains), land piled on  
land,

Whitewash and weariness, red rockets,  
dust,

White snows that mocked me, palaces—  
with draughts,

And W-stl-nd with the drafts he couldn’t  
pay,

ONE VICEROY RESIGNS.

Poor W-ls-n reading his obituary

Before he died, and H-pe, the man with  
bones,

And A-tch-s-n a dripping mackintosh

At Council in the Rains, his grating  
“ Sirrr ”

Half drowned by H-nt-r’s silky :—“ Bât  
my lahd ”

Hunterian always : M-rsh-l spinning  
plates

Or standing on his head ; the Rent Bill’s  
roar,

A hundred thousand speeches, much red  
cloth,

And Smiths thrice happy if I call them  
Jones,

(I can’t remember half their names) or  
reined

My pony on the Mall to greet their wives.

More trains, more troops, more dust, and  
then all’s done.

ONE VICEROY RESIGNS.

Four years, and I forget. If I forget  
How will *they* bear me in their minds?

The North

Safeguarded—nearly (R-b-rts knows the  
rest),

A country twice the size of France an-  
nexed.

That stays at least. The rest may pass—  
may pass—

Your heritage and I can teach you  
nought.

“High trust,” “vast honor,” “interests  
twice as vast,”

“Due reverence to your Council”—keep  
to those.

I envy you the twenty years you’ve  
gained,

But not the five to follow, What’s that?  
One?

Two!—Surely not so late. Good-night.  
*Don’t* dream.

TWO MONTHS.

IN JUNE.

NO hope, no change! The clouds  
have shut us in

And through the cloud the sullen Sun  
strikes down

Full on the bosom of the tortured  
Town.

Till Night falls heavy as remembered sin  
That will not suffer sleep or thought of  
ease.

And, hour on hour, the dry-eyed Moon  
in spite

Glares through the haze and mocks  
with watery light

The torment of the uncomplaining trees.

Far off, the Thunder bellows her despair  
To echoing Earth, thrice parched. The  
lightnings fly

In vain. No help the heaped-up clouds  
afford,



TWO MONTHS.

But wearier weight of burdened, burning  
air.

What truce with Dawn? Look, from  
the aching sky,  
Day stalks, a tyrant with a flaming sword!

TWO MONTHS.

IN SEPTEMBER

At dawn there was a murmur in the trees,  
A ripple on the tank, and in the air  
Presage of coming coolness—every-  
where

A voice of prophecy upon the breeze.

Up leapt the sun and smote the dust to  
gold,

And strove to parch anew the heedless  
land,

All impotently, as a King grown old  
Wars for the Empire crumbling 'neath  
his hand.

TWO MONTHS.

One after one, the lotos-petals fell,  
Beneath the onslaught of the rebel year  
In mutiny against a furious sky ;  
And far-off Winter whispered : " It is  
    well !  
Hot summer dies. Behold, your help is  
    near,  
For when men's need is sorest, then  
    come I."

THE GALLEY-SLAVE.

O H, gallant was our galley from her  
carven steering-wheel  
To her figurehead of silver and her beak  
of hammered steel ;  
The leg-bar chafed the ankle, and we  
gasp'd for cooler air,  
But no galley on the water with our gal-  
ley could compare !

Our bulkheads bulged with cotton and  
our masts were stepped in gold —  
We ran a mighty merchandise of niggers  
in the hold ;  
The white foam spun behind us, and the  
black shark swam below,  
As we gripp'd the kicking sweep-head  
and we made that galley go.

It was merry in the galley, for we revel-  
led now and then—

THE GALLEY-SLAVE.

If they wore us down like cattle, faith,  
    we fought and loved like men !  
As we snatched her through the water, so  
    we snatched a minute's bliss,  
And the mutter of the dying never spoil-  
    ed the lovers' kiss.

Our women and our children toiled be-  
    side us in the dark—  
They died, we filed their fetters, and we  
    heaved them to the shark—  
We heaved them to the fishes, but so fast  
    the galley sped,  
We had only time to envy, for we could  
    not mourn our dead.

Bear witness, once my comrades, what a  
    hard-bit gang were we—  
The servants of the sweep-head, but the  
    masters of the sea !  
By the hands that drove her forward as  
    she plunged and yawed and sheered

THE GALLEY-SLAVE.

Woman, Man, or God or Devil, was there  
anything we feared ?

Was it storm? Our fathers faced it, and  
a wilder never blew ;  
Earth that waited for the wreckage watch-  
ed the galley struggle through.  
Burning noon or choking midnight, Sick-  
ness, Sorrow, Parting, Death ?  
Nay, our very babes would mock you,  
had they time for idle breath.

But to-day I leave the galley, and another  
takes my place ;  
'There's my name upon the deck-beam—  
let it stand a little space.  
I am free—to watch my messmates beat-  
ing out to open main,  
Free of all that Life can offer—save to  
handle sweep again.

THE GALLEY-SLAVE.

By the brand upon my shoulder, by the  
gall of clinging steel,

By the welt the whips have left me, by  
the scars that never heal ;

By eyes grown old with staring through  
the sun-wash on the brine,

I am paid in full for service—would that  
service still were mine !

Yet they talk of times and seasons and of  
woe the years bring forth,

Of our galley swamped and shattered in  
the rollers of the North.

When the niggers break the hatches, and  
the decks are gay with gore,

And a craven-hearted pilot crams her  
crashing on the shore.

She will need no half-mast signal, minute-  
gun, or rocket-flare,

When the cry for help goes seaward, she  
will find her servants there.

THE GALLEY-SLAVE.

Battered chain-gangs of the orlop, grizzled drafts of years gone by,  
To the bench that broke their manhood,  
they shall lash themselves and die.

Hale and crippled, young and aged, paid,  
deserted, shipped away—

Palace, cot, and lazaretto shall make up  
the tale that day,

When the skies are black above them,  
and the decks ablaze beneath,

And the top-men clear the raffle with  
their clasp knives in their teeth.

It may be that Fate will give me life and  
leave to row once more—

Set some strong man free for fighting as  
I take awhile his oar.

But to-day I leave the galley. Shall I  
curse her service then?

God be thanked—whate'er comes after, I  
have lived and toiled with Men!

THE PLEA OF THE SIMLA DAN-  
CERS.

Too late, alas ! the song  
To remedy the wrong ;—  
The rooms are taken from us and garnished for  
their fate.

But these tear-besprinkled pages  
Shall attest to future ages  
That we cried against the crime of it—too late,  
alas ! too late !

“WHAT have *we* ever done to bear  
this grudge?

Was there no room save only in Ben-  
more  
For docket, *duftar*, and for office drudge,  
That you usurp our smoothest danc-  
ing floor?  
Must Babus do their work on polished  
teak?  
Are ball-rooms fittest for the ink you  
spill?



THE PLEA OF THE SIMLA DAN-  
CERS.

Was there no other cheaper house to  
seek?

You might have left them all at Straw-  
berry Hill.

We never harmed you! innocent our  
guise,

Dainty our shining feet our voices low,  
And we revolved to divers melodies.

And we were happy but a year ago.  
To-night, the moon that watched our  
lightsome wiles—

That beamed upon us through the  
deodars—

Is wan with gazing on official files,  
And desecrating desks disgust the  
stars.

Nay! by the memory of tuneful nights—  
Nay! by the witchery of flying feet—

THE PLEA OF THE SIMLA DAN-  
CERS.

Nay ! by the glamor of foredone de-  
lights—

By all things merry, musical, and  
meet—

By wine that sparkled, and by sparkling  
eyes—

By wailing waltz—by reckless gallop's  
strain—

By dim verandas and by soft replies,  
Give us our ravished ball-room back  
again !

Or—hearken to the curse we lay on you !  
The ghosts of waltzes shall perplex  
your brain,

And murmurs of past merriment pursue  
Your 'wildered clerks that they indite  
in vain ;

And, when you count your poor Provin-  
cial millions,

THE PLEA OF THE SIMLA DAN-  
CERS.

The only figures that your pen shall  
frame  
Shall be the figures of dear, dear cotillions  
Danced out in tumult long before you  
came.

Yea ! "*See Saw*" shall upset your esti-  
mates,  
"*Dream Faces*" shall your heavy  
heads bemuse,  
Because your hand, unheeding, desecrates  
Our temple ; fit for higher, worthier  
use.

And all the long verandas, eloquent  
With echoes of a score of Simla years,  
Shall plague you with unbidden senti-  
ment—  
Babbling of kisses, laughter, love, and  
tears.

THE PLEA OF THE SIMLA DAN-  
CERS.

So shall you mazed amid old memories  
stand,

So shall you toil, and shall accomplish  
naught,

And ever in your ears a phantom Band

Shall blare away the staid official  
thought.

Wherefore—and ere this awful curse be  
spoken,

Cast out your swarthy sacrilegious train,

And give—ere dancing cease and hearts  
be broken—

Give us our ravished ball-room back  
again.

AS THE BELL CLINKS.

AS I left the Halls at Lumly, rose  
the vision of a comely  
Maid last season worshipped dumbly,  
watched with fervor from afar ;  
And I wondered idly, blindly, if the maid  
would greet me kindly.  
That was all—the rest was settled by the  
clinking tonga-bar.  
Yea, my life and her's were coupled by  
the tonga coupling-bar.  
For my misty meditation, at the second  
changing station,  
Suffered sudden dislocation, fled before  
the tuneless jar  
Of a Wagner *obbligato, scherzo* double-hand  
*staccato*  
Played on either pony's saddle by the  
clacking tonga-bar—  
Played with human speech, I fancied, by  
the jiggling, jolting bar.

AS THE BELL CLINKS.

“She was sweet,” thought I, “last season,  
but ‘twere surely wild unreason  
Such tiny hope to freeze on as was offered  
by my Star,

When she whispered, something sadly :—

‘I—we feel your going badly!’”

“*And you let the chance escape you?*”

rapped the rattling tonga-bar.

‘*What a chance and what an idiot!*’”

clicked the vicious tonga-bar.

Heart of man—oh, heart of putty! Had

I gone by Kakahutti,

On the old Hill-road and ruddy, I had

’scaped that fatal car,

But his fortune each must bide by, so I

watched the milestones slide by,

To “*You call on Her to-morrow!*”—fugue

with cymbals by the bar—

To “*You must call on Her to-morrow!*”

—post-horn gallop by the bar.

AS THE BELL CLINKS.

Yet a further stage my goal on—we were  
whirling down to Solon,  
With a double lurch and roll on, best foot  
foremost, *ganz und gar*—

“She was *very* sweet,” I hinted. “If a  
kiss had been imprinted—?”

“*Would ha’ saved a world of trouble!*”  
clashed the busy tonga-bar.

“*Been accepted or rejected!*” banged and  
clanged the tonga-bar.

Then a notion wild and daring, ’spite the  
income tax’s paring,

And a hasty thought of sharing—less  
than many incomes are,

Made me put a question private, you can  
guess what I would drive at.

“*You must work the sum to prove it,*”  
clanked the careless tonga-bar.

“*Simple Rule of Two will prove it,*” lilted  
back the tonga-bar.

AS THE BELL CLINKS.

It was under Khyraghaut I mused:—

“Suppose the maid be haughty—  
(There are lovers rich—and forty)—wait  
some wealthy Avatar?

Answer, monitor untiring, 'twixt the  
ponies twain perspiring!”

“*Faint heart never won fair lady,*” creak-  
ed the straining tonga-bar.

“*Can I tell you ere you ask Her?*”  
pounded slow the tonga-bar.

Last, the Tara Devi turning showed the  
lights of Simla burning,

Lit my little lazy yearning to a fiercer  
flame by far.

As below the Mall we jingled, through  
my very heart it tingled—

Did the iterated order of the threshing  
tonga-bar—

“*Try your luck - you can't do better!*”  
twanged the loosened tonga-bar.



CHRISTMAS IN INDIA.

DIM dawn behind the tamarisks—the  
sky is saffron yellow—

As the women in the village grind  
the corn,

And the parrots seek the river-side, each  
calling to his fellow

That the Day, the staring Eastern Day,  
is born.

Oh the white dust on the highway ! Oh  
the stretches in the by-way !

Oh the clammy fog that hovers over  
earth !

And at Home they're making merry  
'neath the white and scarlet berry—

What part have India's exiles in their  
mirth ?

Full day behind the tamarisks—the sky  
is blue and staring,—

CHRISTMAS IN INDIA.

As the cattle crawl afield beneath the  
yoke,

And they bear One o'er the field-path,  
who is past all hope or caring,

To the ghât below the curling wreaths  
of smoke.

Call on Rama, going slowly, as ye  
bear a brother lowly—

Call on Rama—he may hear, perhaps,  
your voice !

With our hymn-books and our psal-  
ters we appeal to other altars,

And to-day we bid “good Christian  
men rejoice !”

High noon behind the tamarisks—the  
sun is hot above us—

As at Home the Christmas Day is  
breaking wan.

They will drinks our healths at dinner—  
those who tell us how they love us,

CHRISTMAS IN INDIA.

And forget us till another year be gone!

Oh the toil that knows no breaking !

Oh the *heimweh*, ceaseless, aching!

Oh the black dividing Sea and alien

Plain !

Youth was cheap—wherefore we sold  
it.

Gold was good—we hope to hold it,  
And to-day we know the fulness of  
our gain.

Gray dusk behind the tamarisks—the  
parrots fly together—

As the Sun is sinking slowly over  
Home ;

And his last ray seems to mock us shack-  
led in a lifelong tether

That drags us back howe'er so far we  
roam.

Hard her service, poor her payment  
—she in ancient, tattered raiment—

*CHRISTMAS IN INDIA.*

India, she the grim Stepmother of  
our kind.

If a year of life be lent her, if her  
temple's shrine we enter,  
The door is shut—we may not look  
behind.

Black night behind the tamarisks—the  
owls begin their chorus—

As the conches from the temple scream  
and bray.

With the fruitless years behind us and  
the hopeless years before us,

Let us honor, oh my brothers, Christ-  
mas Day !

Call a truce then, to our labors—let us  
feast with friends and neighbors,

And be merry as the custom of our  
caste ;

For, if “ faint and forced the laughter,”  
and if sadness follow after,

We are richer by one mocking Christ-  
mas past.

## THE SONG OF THE WOMEN.

*(Lady Dufferin's Fund for medical aid to the Women  
of India.)*

HOW shall she know the worship  
we would do her?

The walls are high and she is very far.  
How shall the women's message reach  
unto her

Above the tumult of the packed bazar?  
Free wind of March, against the  
lattice blowing,  
Bear thou our thanks lest she depart  
unknowing.

Go forth across the fields we may not  
roam in,

Go forth beyond the trees that rim the  
city

To whatso'er fair place she hath her  
home in,

Who dowered us with wealth of love  
and pity.

THE SONG OF THE WOMEN.

Out of our shadow pass, and seek  
her singing—

“I have no gifts but Love alone for  
bringing.”

Say that we be a feeble folk who greet  
her,

But old in grief, and very wise in tears;  
Say that we, being desolate, entreat her

That she forget us not in after years ;

For we have seen the light, and it  
were grievous

To dim that dawning if our lady  
leave us.

By life that ebb'd with none to stanch  
the failing,

By Love's sad harvest garner'd in the  
spring,

When Love in ignorance wept unavailing

THE SONG OF THE WOMEN.

O'er young buds dead before their  
blossoming ;  
By all the gray owl watched, the  
pale moon viewed,  
In past grim years, declare our  
gratitude !

By hands uplifted to the Gods that heard  
not,  
By gifts that found no favor in their  
sight,  
By faces bent above the babe that stirred  
not,  
By nameless horrors of the stifling  
night ;  
By ills foredone, by peace her toils  
discover,  
Bid Earth be good beneath and  
Heaven above her !

THE SONG OF THE WOMEN.

If she have sent her servants in our pain,  
If she have fought with Death and  
dulled his sword ;

If she have given back our sick again,  
And to the breast the weakling lips  
restored,

Is it a little thing that she has  
wrought ?

Then Life and Death and Mother-  
hood be naught.

Go forth, O wind, our message on thy  
wings,

And they shall hear thee pass and bid  
thee speed,

In reed—roofed hut, or white-walled  
home of kings,

Who have been helpen by her in their  
need.

All spring shall give thee fragrance,  
and the wheat



THE SONG OF THE WOMEN.

Shall be a tasselled floor-cloth to thy  
feet.

Haste, for our hearts are with thee, take  
no rest!

Loud-voiced ambassador, from sea to  
sea

Proclaim the blessing, manifold, confest,  
Of those in darkness by her hand set  
free,

Then very softly to her presence  
move,

And whisper "Lady, lo, they know  
and love!"

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

WHERE the sober-colored cultivator smiles

On his *byles*;

Where the cholera, the cyclone, and the crow

Come and go;

Where the merchant deals in indigo and  
and tea

Hides and *ghi*,

Where the Babu drops inflammatory hints

In his prints;

Stands a City—Charnock chose it—packed  
away

Near a Bay—

By the sewage rendered fetid, by the  
sewer

Made impure,

By the Sunderbunds unwholesome, by  
the swamp

Moist and damp;

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

And the City and the Viceroy, as we  
see,

Don't agree.

Once, two hundred years ago, the trader  
came

Meek and tame.

Where his timid foot first halted, there  
he stayed,

Till mere trade

Grew to Empire, and he sent his armies  
forth

South and North

Till the country from Peshawar to Ceylon  
Was his own.

Thus the mid-day halt of Charnock—  
more's the pity!

Grew a City.

As the fungus sprouts chaotic from its  
bed,

So it spread—

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

Chance-directed, chance-erected, laid and  
built

On the silt—

Palace, byre, hovel—poverty and pride—

Side by side ;

And, above the packed and pestilential  
town,

Death looked down.

But the Rulers in that City by the Sea

Turned to flee—

Fled, with each returning spring-tide  
from its ills

To the Hills.

From the clammy fogs of morning, from  
the blaze

Of the days,

From the sickness of the noontide, from  
the heat,

Beat retreat ;

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

For the country from Peshawar to Ceylon  
Was their own.

But the Merchant risked the perils of the  
Plain

For his gain.

Now the resting-place of Charnock,  
'neath the palms,

Asks an alms,

And the burden of its lamentation is,

Briefly, this :—

“Because, for certain months, we boil  
and stew,

So should you.

“Cast the Viceroy and his Council, to  
perspire

In our fire !”

And for answer to the argument, in vain

We explain

That an amateur Saint Lawrence cannot  
cry :—

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

“*All* must fry !”

That the Merchant risks the peril of the  
Plain

For his gain.

Nor can Rulers rule a house that men  
grow rich in,

From its kitchen.

Let the Babu drop inflammatory hints

In his prints ;

And mature—consistent soul—his plan  
for stealing

To Darjeeling :

Let the Merchant seek, who makes his  
silver pile,

England's isle ;

Let the City Charnock pitched on—evil  
day !—

Go Her way.

Though the argosies of Asia at Her  
doors

Heap their stores,

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

Though Her enterprise and energy  
secure

Income sure,

Though "out-station orders punctually  
obeyed"

Swell Her trade—

*Still*, for rule, administration, and the  
rest,

Simla's best.

DIVIDED DESTINIES.

I T was an artless *Bandar*, and he danced  
upon a pine,  
And much I wondered how he lived, and  
where the beast might dine,  
And many, many other things, till o'er  
my morning smoke,  
I slept the sleep of idleness and dreamt  
that *Bandar* spoke.

He said:— “Oh man of many clothes!  
sad crawler on the Hills!  
Observe, I know not Ranken's shop, nor  
Ranken's monthly bills!  
I take no heed to trousers or the coats  
that you call dress;  
Nor am I plagued with little cards for  
little drinks at Mess.

“I steal the bunnia's grain at morn, at  
noon and eventide,



DIVIDED DESTINIES.

(For he is fat and I am spare), I roam  
the mountain side,  
I follow no man's carriage, and no, never  
in my life  
Have I flirted at Peliti's with another  
*Bandar's* wife.

“O man of futile fopperies—unnecessary  
wraps ;  
I own no ponies in the hills, I drive no  
tall-wheeled traps ;  
I buy me not twelve-button gloves, ‘short-  
sixes’ eke, or rings,  
Nor do I waste at Hamilton's my wealth  
on ‘pretty things.’

‘I quarrel with my wife at home, we,  
never fight abroad ;  
But Mrs. B. has grasped the fact I am  
her only lord,

DIVIDED DESTINIES.

I never heard of fever—dumps nor debts  
depress my soul ;

And I pity and despise you !” Here he  
pouched my breakfast-roll.

His hide was very mangy, and his face  
was very red,

And ever and anon he scratched with  
energy his head.

His manners were not always nice, but  
how my spirits cried

To be an artless *Bandar* loose upon the  
mountain side !

So I answered : “Gentle *Bandar*, an  
inscrutable Decree

Makes thee a gleesome fleasome Thou, and  
me a wretched Me.

Go ! Depart in peace, my brother, to thy  
home amid the pine ;

Yet forget not once a mortal wished to  
change his lot with thine.”

BALLAD OF FISHER'S BOARD-  
ING-HOUSE.

THAT night, when through the mooring chains  
The wide-eyed corpse rolled free,  
To blunder down by Garden Reach  
And rot at Kedgerree,  
The tale the Hughli told the shoal  
The lean shoal told to me.

'T WAS Fultah Fisher's boarding-  
house

Where sailor-men reside,  
And there were men of all the ports  
From Mississip to Clyde,  
And regally they spat and smoked,  
And fearsomely they lied.

They lied about the purple Sea  
That gave them scanty bread,  
They lied about the Earth beneath,  
The Heavens overhead,  
For they had looked too often on  
Black rum when that was red.

BALLAD OF FISHER'S BOARD-  
ING-HOUSE.

They told their tales of wreck and wrong,  
Of shame and lust and fraud,  
They backed their toughest statements  
with

The Brimstone of the Lord.  
And crackling oaths went to and fro  
Across the fist-banged board.

And there was Hans the blue-eyed Dane,  
Bull-throated, bare of arm,  
Who carried on his hairy chest  
The maid Ultruda's charm—  
The little silver crucifix  
That keeps a man from harm.

And there was Jake Without-the-Ears,  
And Pamba the Malay,  
And Carboy Gin the Guinea cook,  
And Luz from Vigo Bay,  
And Honest Jack who sold them slops  
And harvested their pay.

BALLAD OF FISHER'S BOARD-  
ING-HOUSE.

And there was Salem Hardieker,  
A lean Bostonian he—  
Russ, German, English, Halfbreed, Finn,  
Yank, Dane, and Portugee,  
At Fultah Fisher's boarding-house  
They rested from the sea.

Now Anne of Austria shared their drinks,  
Collinga knew her fame,  
From Tarnau in Galicia  
To Jaun Bazar she came,  
To eat the bread of infamy  
And take the wage of shame.

She held a dozen men to heel—  
Rich spoil of war was hers,  
In hose and gown and ring and chain,  
From twenty mariners,  
And, by Port Law, that week, men called  
Her Salem Hardieker's.

*BALLAD OF FISHER'S BOARD-  
ING-HOUSE.*

But seamen learnt — what landsmen  
know—

That neither gifts nor gain  
Can hold a winking Light o' Love  
Or Fancy's flight restrain,  
When Anne of Austria rolled her eyes  
On Hans the blue-eyed Dane.

Since Life is strife, and strife means  
knife,

From Howrah to the Bay,  
And he may die before the dawn  
Who liquored out the day,  
In Fultah Fisher's boarding-house  
We woo while yet we may.

But cold was Hans the blue-eyed Dane,  
Bull-throated, bare of arm,  
And laughter shook the chest beneath  
The maid Ultruda's charm—

*BALLAD OF FISHER'S BOARD-  
ING-HOUSE.*

The little silver crucifix  
That keeps a man from harm.

“You speak to Salem Hardieker,  
You was his girl, I know.  
I ship mineselfs to-morrow, see,  
Und round the Skaw we go,  
South, down the Cattedgat, by Hjelm,  
To Besser in Saro.”

When love rejected turns to hate,  
All ill betide the man.

“You speak to Salem Hardieker,”—  
She spoke as woman can.  
A scream—a sob—“He called me—  
names!”  
And then the fray began.

An oath from Salem Hardieker,  
A shriek upon the stairs,

BALLAD OF FISHER'S BOARD-  
ING-HOUSE.

A dance of shadows on the wall,  
A knife-thrust unawares—  
And Hans came down, as cattle drop,  
Across the broken chairs.

. . . . .

In Anne of Austria's trembling hands  
The weary head fell low:—  
“I ship mineselfs to-morrow, straight  
For Besser in Saro:  
Und there Ultruda comes to me  
At Easter, und I go

“South, down the Cattedgat— What's  
here?  
There—are—no—lights—to—guide!”  
The mutter ceased, the spirit passed,  
And Anne of Austria cried  
In Fultah Fisher's boarding-house  
When Hans the mighty died.



BALLAD OF FISHER'S BOARD-  
ING-HOUSE.

Thus slew they Hans the blue-eyed Dane,  
    Bull-throated, bare of arm,  
But Anne of Austria looted first  
    The maid Ultruda's charm—  
The little silver crucifix  
    That keeps a man from harm.

THE GRAVE OF THE HUNDRED  
HEAD.

*THERE'S a widow in sleepy Chester  
Who weeps for her only son;  
There's a grave on the Pabeng River,  
A grave that the Burmans shun,  
And there's Subadar Prag Tewarri  
Who tells how the work was done.*

A Snider squibbed in the jungle,  
Somebody laughed and fled,  
And the men of the First Shikaris  
Picked up their Subaltern dead,  
With a big blue mark in his forehead  
And the back blown out of his head.

Subadar Prag Tewarri,  
Jemadar Hira Lal,  
Took command of the party,  
Twenty rifles in all,  
Marched them down to the river  
As the day was beginning to fall.

THE GRAVE OF THE HUNDRED  
HEAD.

They buried the boy by the river,  
A blanket over his face—  
They wept for their dead Lieutenant,  
The men of an alien race—  
They made a *samádh* in his honor,  
A mark for his resting-place.

For they swore by the Holy Water,  
They swore by the salt they ate,  
That the soul of Lieutenant Eshmitt  
Sahib  
Should go to his God in state;  
With fifty file of Burman  
To open him Heaven's gate.

The men of the First Shikaris  
Marched till the break of day  
Till they came to the rebel village,  
The village of Pabengmay—  
A *jingal* covered the clearing,  
Calthrops hampered the way.

THE GRAVE OF THE HUNDRED  
HEAD.

Subadar Prag Tewarri,  
    Bidding them load with ball,  
Halted a dozen rifles  
    Under the village wall;  
Sent out a flanking-party  
    With Jemadar Hira Lal.

The men of the First Shikaris  
    Shouted and smote and slew,  
Turning the grinning *jingal*  
    On to the howling crew.  
The Jemadar's flanking-party  
    Butchered the folk who flew.

Long was the morn of slaughter,  
    Long was the list of slain,  
Five score heads were taken,  
    Five score heads and twain;  
And the men of the First Shikaris  
    Went back to their grave again,

THE GRAVE OF THE HUNDRED  
HEAD.

Each man bearing a basket  
    Red as his palms that day,  
Red as the blazing village—  
    The village of Pabengmay.  
And the “*drip-drip-drip*” from the baskets  
    Reddened the grass by the way.

They made a pile of their trophies  
    High as a tall man's chin,  
Head upon head distorted,  
    Set in a sightless grin,  
Anger and pain and terror  
    Stamped on the smoke-scorched skin.

Subadar Prag Tewarri  
    Put the head of the Boh  
On the top of the mound of triumph,  
    The head of his son below,  
With the sword and the peacock-banner  
    That the world might behold and know.

THE GRAVE OF THE HUNDRED  
HEAD.

Thus the *samādih* was perfect,  
Thus was the lesson plain  
Of the wrath of the First Shikaris—  
The price of a white man slain;  
And the men of the First Shikaris  
Went back into camp again.

Then a silence came to the river,  
A hush fell over the shore,  
And Bohs that were brave departed,  
And Sniders squibbed no more;  
For the Burmans said  
That a *kullak's* head  
Must be paid for with heads five score.

*There's a widow in sleepy Chester  
Who weeps for her only son;  
There's a grave on the Pabeng River,  
A grave that the Burmans shun,  
And there's Subadar Prag Tewarri  
Who tells how the work was done.*

ARITHMETIC ON THE FRON-  
TIER.

A GREAT and glorious thing it is  
To learn, for seven years or so,  
The Lord knows what of that and this,  
Ere reckoned fit to face the foe—  
The flying bullet down the Pass,  
That whistles clear: “All flesh is  
grass.”

Three hundred pounds per annum spent  
On making brain and body meeter  
For all the murder<sup>o</sup>us intent  
Comprised in “villainous saltpetre!”  
And after—ask the Yusufzaies  
What comes of all our 'ologies.

A scrimmage in a Border Station—  
A canter down some dark defile—  
Two thousand pounds of education  
Drops to a ten-rupee *jezail*—

ARITHMETIC ON THE FRON-  
TIER.

The Crammer's boast, the Squadron's  
pride,  
Shot like a rabbit in a ride!

No proposition Euclid wrote,  
No formulæ the text-books know,  
Will turn the bullet from your coat,  
Or ward the tulwar's downward  
blow.

Strike hard who cares—shoot straight who  
can—

The odds are on the cheaper man.

One sword-knot stolen from the camp  
Will pay for all the school expenses  
Of any Kurrum Valley scamp  
Who knows no word or moods and  
tenses,

But, being blessed with perfect sight,  
Picks off our messmates left and right.



ARITHMETIC ON THE FRON-  
TIER.

With home-bred hordes the hill-sides  
teem,

The troop-ships bring us one by one,  
At vast expense of time and steam,

To slay Afridis where they run.

The "captives of our bow and spear"  
Are cheap—alas! as we are dear.

THE FALL OF JOCK GILLESPIE.

THIS fell when dinner-time was done—  
    'Twixt the first an' the second rub—  
That oor mon Jock cam' hame again  
    To his rooms ahint the Club.

An' syne he laughed, an' syne he sang,  
    An' syne we thocht him fou,  
An' syne he trumped his partner's trick,  
    An' garred his partner rue.

Then up and spake an elder mon,  
    That held the Spade its Ace—  
“ God save the lad! Whence comes the  
    licht  
    That wimples on his face ? ”

An' Jock he sniggered, an' Jock he  
    smiled,  
    An' ower the card-brim wunk:—  
“ I'm a' too fresh fra' the stirrup-peg,  
    May be that I am drunk.”

*THE FALL OF JOCK GILLESPIE.*

“ There’s whusky brewed in Galashiels,  
An’ L. L. L. forbye;  
But never liquor lit the low  
That keeks fra’ oot your eye.

“ There’s a thrid o’ hair on your dress-  
coat breast,  
Aboon the heart a wee ? ”

“ Oh! that is fra’ the lang-haired Skye  
That slobbers ower me.”

“ Oh! lang-haired Skyes are lovin’  
beasts,  
An’ terrier dogs are fair,  
But never yet was terrier born  
Wi’ ell-lang gowden hair!

“ There’s a smirch o’ pouter on your  
breast,  
Below the left lappel ? ”

“ Oh! that is fra’ my auld cigar,  
Whenas the stump-end fell.”

THE FALL OF JOCK GILLESPIE.

“ Mon Jock, ye smoke the Trichi coarse,  
For ye are short o’ cash,  
An’ best Havanas couldna leave  
Sae white an’ pure an ash.

“ This nicht ye stopped a story braid,  
An’ stopped it wi’ a curse—  
Last nicht ye told that tale yoursel,  
An’ capped it wi’ a worse!

“ Oh! we’re no fou! Oh! we’re no fou!  
But plainly we can ken  
Ye’re fallin’, fallin’, fra’ the band  
O’ cantie single men!”

An’ it fell when *sirris*-shaws were sere,  
An’ the nights were lang and mirk,  
In braw new breeks, wi’ a gowden ring,  
Oor Jockie gaed to the Kirk.

THE UNDERTAKER'S HORSE.

“TO-TSCHIN-SHU is condemned to death. How can he drink tea with the Executioner?”—*Japanese Proverb.*

THE eldest son bestrides him,  
And the pretty daughter rides him,  
And I meet him oft o' mornings on the  
Course;

And there wakens in my bosom  
An emotion chill and gruesome  
As I canter past the Undertaker's Horse.

Neither shies he nor is restive,  
But a hideously suggestive  
Trot, professional and placid, he affects;  
And the cadence of his hoof-beats  
To my mind, this grim reproof beats:—  
“Mend your pace, my friend, I'm coming.  
Who's the next?”

Ah! stud-bred of ill-omen,  
I have watched the strongest go—men  
Of pith and might and muscle—at your  
heels,

THE UNDERTAKER'S HORSE.

Down the plantain-bordered highway,  
(Heaven send if ne'er be my way!)  
In a lacquered box and jetty upon wheels.

Answer, sombre beast and dreary,  
Where is Brown, the young, the cheery,  
Smith, the pride of all his friends and half  
the Force ?

You were at that last dread *dak*  
We must cover at a walk,  
Bring them back to me, O Undertaker's  
Horse!

With your mane unhogged and flowing,  
And your curious way of going,  
And that business-like black crimping of  
your tail,

E'en with Beauty on your back, sir,  
Pacing as a lady's hack, sir,  
What wonder when I meet you I turn pale?

It may be you wait your time, Beast,  
Till I write my last bad rhyme, Beast,

THE UNDERTAKER'S HORSE.

Quit the sunlight, cut the rhyming, drop  
the glass,

Follow after with the others,

Where some dusky heathen smothers

Us with marigolds in lieu of English grass.

Or, perchance, in years to follow,

I shall watch your plump sides hollow,

See Carnifex (gone lame) become a corse,

See old age at last o'erpower you,

And the Station Pack devour you,

I shall chuckle then, O Undertaker's  
Horse!

But to insult, gibe, and quest, I've

Still the hideously suggestive

Trot that hammers out the grim and warn-  
ing text,

And I hear it hard behind me,

In what place so'er. I find me:—

“Sure to catch you sooner or later  
Who's the next?”

A BALLADE OF JAKKO HILL.

ONE moment bid the horses wait,  
Since tiffin is not laid till three,  
Below the upward path and straight  
You climbed a year ago with me.  
Love came upon us suddenly  
And loosed—an idle hour to kill—  
A headless, armless armory  
That smote us both on Jakko Hill.

Ah Heaven! we would wait and wait  
Through Time and to Eternity!  
Ah Heaven! we could conquer Fate  
With more than Godlike constancy!  
I cut the date upon a tree—  
Here stand the clumsy figure still:  
“10-7-85, A.D.”  
Damp with the mist on Jakko Hill.

What came of high resolve and great,  
And until Death fidelity?



A BALLADE OF JAKKO HILL.

Whose horse is waiting at your gate ?

Whose '*rickshaw*-wheels ride over me ?  
No Saint's, I swear; and—let me see  
To-night what names your programme  
fill—

We drift asunder merrily,  
As drifts the mist on **Jakko Hill!**

L'ENVOI.

Princess, behold our ancient state  
Has clean departed; and we see  
'Twas Idleness we took for Fate  
That bound light bonds on you and me  
Amen! Here ends the comedy  
Where it began in all good will;  
Since Love and Leave together flee  
As driven mist on **Jakko Hill!**

CERTAIN MAXIMS OF HAFIZ.

I.

IF It be pleasant to look on, stalled in  
the packed *serai*,

Does not the Young Man try Its temper  
and pace ere he buy ?

If She be pleasant to look on, what does  
the Young Man say ?

Lo! She is pleasant to look on, give Her  
to me to-day.

II.

Yea, though a Kafir die, to him is remitted  
Jehannum

If he borrowed in life from a native at  
sixty per cent per annum.

III.

Blister we not for *bursati*? So when the  
heart is vext,

The pain of one maiden's refusal is  
drowned in the pain of the next.

CERTAIN MAXIMS OF HAFIZ.

IV.

The temper of chums, the love of your  
wife, and a new piano's tune—  
Which of the three will you trust at the  
end of an Indian June?

V.

Who are the rulers of Ind—to whom shall  
we bow the knee?  
Make your peace with the women, and  
men will make you L. G.

VI.

Does the woodpecker flit round the young  
*ferash*? Does grass clothe a new-  
built wall?  
Is she under thirty, the woman who holds  
a boy in her thrall?

VII.

If She grow suddenly gracious—reflect.  
Is it all for thee?  
The black-buck is stalked through the  
bullock, and Man through jealousy.

CERTAIN MAXIMS OF HAFIZ.

VIII.

Seek not for favor of women. So shall  
you find it indeed.

Does not the boar break cover just when  
you're lighting a weed?

IX.

If He play, being young and unskilful, for  
shekels of silver and gold,  
Take His money, my son, praising Allah.  
The kid was ordained to be sold.

X.

With a "weed" among men or horses  
verily this is the best,  
That you work him in office or dog-cart  
lightly—but give him no rest.

XI.

Pleasant the snaffle of Courtship, improv-  
ing the manners and carriage;  
But the colt who is wise will abstain from  
the terrible thorn-bit of Marriage.

CERTAIN MAXIMS OF HAFIZ.

XII.

As the thriftless gold of the *babul*, so is  
the gold that we spend  
On a Derby Sweep, or our neighbor's  
wife, or the horse that we buy from a  
friend.

XIII.

The ways of man with a maid be strange,  
yet simple and tame  
To the ways of a man with a horse, when  
selling or racing that same.

XIV.

In public Her face turneth to thee, and  
pleasant Her smile when ye meet.  
It is ill. The cold rocks of El-Gidar  
smile thus on the waves at their feet.  
In public Her face is averted, with anger  
She nameth thy name.  
It is well. Was there ever a loser content  
with the loss of the game ?

CERTAIN MAXIMS OF HAFIZ.

XV.

If She have spoken a word, remember thy  
lips are sealed,

And the Brand of the Dog is upon him by  
whom is the secret revealed.

If She have written a letter, delay not an  
instant, but burn it.

Tear it in pieces, O Fool, and the wind to  
her mate shall return it!

If there be trouble to Herward, and a lie  
of the blackest can clear,

Lie, while thy lips can move or a man is  
alive to hear.

XVI.

My Son, if a maiden deny thee and  
scufflingly bid thee give o'er,

Yet lip meets with lip at the lastward—  
get out! She has been there before.

They are pecked on the ear and the chin  
and the nose who are lacking in lore.

CERTAIN MAXIMS OF HAFIZ.

XVII.

If we fall in the race, though we win, the  
hoof-slide is scarred on the course.  
Though Allah and Earth pardon Sin,  
remaineth forever Remorse.

XVIII.

“By all I am misunderstood!” if the  
Matron shall say, or the Maid:—  
“Alas! I do not understand,” my son,  
be thou nowise afraid.  
In vain in the sight of the Bird is the net  
of the Fowler displayed.

XIX.

My son, if I, Hafiz, thy father, take hold  
of thy knees in my pain,  
Demanding thy name on stamped paper,  
one day or one hour—refrain.  
Are the links of thy fetters so light that  
thou cravest another man's chain?

GRIFFEN'S DEBT.

IMPRIMIS he was "broke." There-  
after left  
His regiment, and, later, took to drink;  
Then, having lost the balance of his  
friends,  
"Went Fantee"—joined the people of  
the land,  
Turned three parts Mussulman and one  
Hindu,  
And lived among the Gauri villagers,  
Who gave him shelter and a wife or twain,  
And boasted that a thorough, full-blood  
*sahib*  
Had come among them. Thus he spent  
his time,  
Deeply indebted to the village *shroff*  
(Who never asked for payment), always  
drunk,  
Unclean, abominable, out-at-heels;  
Forgetting that he was an Englishman.



GRIFFEN'S DEBT.

You know they dammed the Gauri with a  
dam,  
And all the good contractors scamped  
their work,  
And all the bad material at hand  
Was used to dam the Gauri—which was  
cheap,  
And, therefore, proper. Then the Gauri  
burst,  
And several hundred thousand cubic tons  
Of water dropped into the valley, *flop*,  
And drowned some five and twenty  
villagers,  
And did a lakh or two of detriment  
To crops and cattle. When the flood  
went down  
We found him dead, beneath an old dead  
horse,  
Full six miles down the valley. So we  
said  
He was a victim to the Demon Drink,

GRIFFEN'S DEBT.

And moralized upon him for a week,  
And then forgot him. Which was natural.

But, in the valley of the Gauri, men  
Beneath the shadow of the big new dam  
Relate a foolish legend of the flood,  
Accounting for the little loss of life  
(Only those five and twenty villagers)  
In this wise: On the evening of the  
flood,  
They heard the groaning of the rotten  
dam,  
And voices of the Mountain Devils. Then  
An incarnation of the local God,  
Mounted upon a monster-neighing horse,  
And flourishing a flail-like whip, came  
dawn,  
Breathing ambrosia, to the villages,  
And fell upon the simple villagers  
With yells beyond the power of mortal  
throat,

GRIFFEN'S DEBT.

And blows beyond the power of mortal  
hand,  
And smote them with the flail-like whip,  
and drove  
Them clamorous with terror up the hill,  
And scattered, with the monster-neighing  
steed,  
Their crazy cottages about their ears,  
And generally cleared those villages.  
Then came the water, and the local  
God,  
Breathing ambrosia, flourishing his whip,  
And mounted on his monster-neighing  
steed,  
Went down the valley with the flying trees  
And residue of homesteads, while they  
watched  
Safe on the mountain-side these wondrous  
things,  
And knew that they were much beloved  
of Heaven.

GRIFFEN'S DEBT.

Wherefore, and when the dam was newly  
built,

They raised a temple to the local God,  
And burned all manner of unsavory things  
Upon his altar, and created priests,  
And blew into a conch, and banged a bell,  
And told the story of the Gauri flood  
With circumstance and much embroidery.

So he the whiskified Objectionable,  
Unclean, abominable, out-at-heels,  
Became the tutelary Deity  
Of all the Gauri valley villages;  
And may in time become a Solar Myth.

L'ENVOI.

*(To whom it may concern.)*

THE smoke upon your Altar dies,  
The flowers decay,  
The Goddess of your sacrifice  
Has flown away.  
What profit then to sing or slay  
The sacrifice from day to day?

“ We know the Shrine is void,” they said,  
“ The Goddess flown—  
Yet wreaths are on the Altar laid—  
The Altar-Stone  
Is black with fumes of sacrifice,  
Albeit She has fled our eyes.

“ For, it may be, if still we sing  
And tend the Shrine,  
Some Deity on wandering wing  
May there incline ;  
And, finding all in order meet,  
Stay while we worship at Her feet.”











Rudyard Kipling's Latest Poem, as Published by the London Times:

# "THE BRIDGE GUARD ON THE KAROO"

*"—And will supply details to guard the Blood River Bridge." District Orders—Lines of Communication.*

S UDDEN the desert changes—  
The raw glare softens and clings,  
Till the aching 'outshoord ranges  
Stand up like the thrones of kings—

Ramparts of slaughter and peril—  
Blazing, amazing—aglow  
'Twixt the skyline's belting beryl  
And the wine-dark flats below.

Royal the pageant closes,  
Lit by the last of the sun—  
Opal and ash-of-roses,  
Cinnamon, umber and dun.

The twilight swallows the thicket,  
The starlight reveals the ridge;  
The whistle shrills to the picket,  
We are changing guard on the bridge.

(Few, forgotten and lonely,  
Where the empty metals shir—  
No, not combatants—only  
Details guarding the line.)

We slip through the broken panel,  
Of fence by the ganger's shed—  
We drop to the waterless channel  
And the lean track overhead:

We stumble on refuse of rations—  
The beef and the biscuit tins—  
We take our appointed stations  
And the endless night begins.

We hear the Hottentot herders  
As the sheep click past to the fold—  
And the click of the restless girders  
As the steel contracts in the cold—

Voices of jackals calling  
And, loud in the hush between,  
A morsel of dry earth falling  
From the flanks of the scarred ravine.

And the solemn firmament marches,  
And the hosts of heaven rise,  
Framed through the iron arches—  
Banded and barred by the ties.

Till we hear the far track humming,  
And we see her headlight plain;  
And we gather and wait her coming—  
The wonderful north-bound train.

(Few, forgotten and lonely,  
Where the white windows shine—  
No, not combatants—only  
Details guarding the line.)

Quick, ere the gift escape us,  
Out of the darkness we reach  
For a handful of week-old papers  
And a mouthful of human speech!

And the monstrous heaven rejoices,  
And the earth allows again  
Meetings, greetings and voices  
Of women talking with men.

So we return to our places,  
As out on the bridge she rolls;  
And the darkness covers our faces,  
And the darkness re-enters our souls.

More than a little lonely  
Where the lessening tail-lights shine.  
No—not combatants—only  
Details guarding the line!

Dominion increased, during the eleven months ending the 31st of May, by eleven millions of dollars over the corresponding period of last year, the exports of Canadian manufactured articles showing an increase of two millions, or 17 per cent.

If the gain for the whole year continues in proportion to the past eleven months, the aggregate trade of this country will overtop the \$400,000,000 mark. Between 1896 and 1901 the aggregate trade has increased by \$160,000,000, so that at anything like that rate of augmentation the country will not be much older before its annual trade will be \$500,000,000.

What this means can best be appreciated when it is considered that the enormous foreign trade of the United States, in 1888, was only three times greater; the still more enormous trade of Great Britain only seven times greater. It is nearly equal to Austria-Hungary, Italy or Belgium. It is almost double that of Spain, and vastly outclasses the trade of Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Turkey, Portugal, Switzerland or Greece.

The figures used for these comparisons are those of 1888, taken from Mulhall's tables. In the list of the countries of the world Canada stands the eleventh. At her present rate of progress and prosperity, however, she will rank the fifth, at least, within a decade.

## PRINCESS YOLANDE CHRISTENED

Daughter of the King of Italy the Center of a Great Ceremonial.

ROME, June 15.—The Princess Yolande, daughter of the King and Queen of Italy, who was born June 1, was christened at the

position at the Royal Academy as keeper. He lives at Burlington House, and is the best known painter of historical subjects, which, while ranging over a period from the days of Elizabeth to the present time, deal for the most part with military themes, such as those at the Royal Exchange. "Napoleon Leaving Moscow" and "Oliver Cromwell at Marston Moor."

He is still in the prime of life, as he is only 53, a couple of years younger than his fellow academician, Seymour Lucas, who has also been commissioned to paint a picture for the king—namely, the reception of the Moorish embassy last Monday.

## FITCH WRITING A NEW PLAY.

Charles Frohman Orders Drama Based on American Society.

LONDON, June 15.—Clyde Fitch, who is at Carlsbad, has agreed to write for Charles Frohman a new play on American society, which will be produced by Annie Russell at the Lyceum Theater, New York. During the coming season Mr. Fitch's "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" will be produced in London.

## Disappoints German Agrarians.

BERLIN, June 15.—The agrarians are greatly disappointed with General von Podbielski, the new minister of agriculture, owing to his speech at the Halle Agricultural Exposition, in which he expressed the conviction that the agrarians should be able to help themselves in most cases unless in the case of crop failures, etc. This opinion of General von Podbielski clashes greatly with his former utterances on the same subject.

"Orangeine" saves time for employers and employed; gives instant relief and strength.—[Adv.]

## King Edward Likely to Fix June 25 as the Date for the Ceremonial.

[SPECIAL CABLE DISPATCH TO THE CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD.]

LONDON, June 15.—The date of the coronation is still the subject of a great deal of rash speculation. It is said the king favors Wednesday and that June 25 will be selected as the date.

There is much nervousness as to who will have places on that great day and who will be left out, for surely all England's aristocracy cannot have places in the Abbey.

One thing which will be interesting will be to see if those ladies who are peeresses in their own right will be given a place apart at the coronation. If so, their doyen will be the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and the youngest of them will be the late Earl of Darnley's tiny daughter, the Baroness Clifton, not yet 1 year old, for whom a set of coronation robes is already being prepared.

## PARISIANS DRINK MORE WINE.

Consumption Has Increased 30 Per Cent in Six Months.

[SPECIAL CABLE DISPATCH TO THE CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD.]

PARIS, June 15.—Since the abolition of the municipal tax on wine Parisians buy their wines directly from producers instead of from the middlemen. During the last six months the consumption of wine in Paris has increased 30 per cent. In 1899 Parisians drank 5,400,000 hectolitres. This year they will imbibe over 6,000,000 hectolitres. This is also due to the large consumption of beer.



## ANOTHER POEM FROM KIPLING.

### Contribution to Aid a Fund for Families of British Recruits.

SPECIAL CABLE.

London, Oct. 31.—The New York Journal correspondent cables the following poem by Rudyard Kipling, the poet's contribution to a fund for wives and children of the British army recruits sent to South Africa:

When you've shouted "Rule Britannia," when  
you've sung "God Save the Queen,"

When you've finished killing Kruger with  
your mouth,

Will you kindly drop a shilling in my little  
tambourine

For a gentleman in khaki ordered south?

He's an absent-minded beggar and his weak-  
nesses are great;

But we and Paul must take him as we find  
him.

He is out on active service, wiping something  
off a slate.

And he's left a lot of little things behind him.

Duke's son—Cook's son—son of a hundred  
kings—

Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table  
Bay.

Each of 'em doing his country's work (and  
who's to look after their things?)

Pass the hat for your credit's sake and pay—  
pay—pay!

There are girls he married secret, asking no  
permission to,

For he knew he wouldn't get it if he did.

There is gas and coals and vittles, and the  
house rent falling due,

And it's more than rather likely there's a kid.

There are girls he walked with casual; they'll  
be sorry now he's gone,

For an absent-minded beggar they will find  
him;

But it ain't the time for sermons with the  
winter coming on;

We must help the girl that Tommy's left be-  
hind him.

So we'll help the homes our Tommy's left be-  
hind him!

Cook's son—duke's son—son of a belted earl;  
son of a Lambeth publican—it's all the same to—

Each of 'em doing his country's work (and  
who's to look after the girl?)

Pass the hat for your credit's sake and pay—  
pay—pay!

There are families by thousands, far too proud  
to beg or speak,

And they'll put their sticks and bedding up  
the spout;

And they'll live on half o' nothing paid 'em  
punctual once a week,

"Cause the man that earned the wage is or-  
dered out."

He's an absent-minded beggar, but he heard  
his country's call,

And his reg'ment didn't need to send to  
find him;

He chucked his job and joined it! So the job  
before us all

Is to help the home that Tommy left behind  
him.

Duke's job—cook's job—gardner, baronet,  
groom,

Mews or palace or paper shop—there's some  
one gone away,

Each of 'em doing his country's work (and  
who's to look after the room?)

Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and  
pay—pay—pay.

Let us manage so as later we can look him in  
the face,

And tell him—what he'd very much prefer—  
That while he saved the empire his employer  
saved his place,

And his mates (that's you and me) looked  
out for her.

He's an absent-minded beggar, and he may for-  
get it all,

But we do not want his kiddies to remind  
him

That we sent 'em to the workhouse while their  
daddy hammered Paul—

Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and  
pay—pay—pay.

Cook's home—duke's home—home of a million-  
aire—

(Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table  
Bay).

Each of 'em doing his country's work (and  
what have you got to spare?)

Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and  
pay—pay—pay.



case of J. J. Hartigan of the Glasgow Woolen Mills company and took the matter under advisement, expecting to give a decision very soon. Hartigan was arrested on five warrants charging him with violating the flag law in the display of pictures of the company's store on the front of which was a likeness of the American flag in colored electric lights. The American Flag Day association, through its president, E. R. Lewis, presented a request at the meeting of the justices of the peace in the Hamilton club last night that no further warrants be issued for alleged flag-law violations until the law could be amended or repealed.

## JUDGE SCORES LABOR UNIONS.

### Enjoins Interference with Workmen in a Glass Factory.

Special to The Chicago Record.

Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 31.—Judge J. W. F. White, who, from the bench of Common Pleas court No. 2, denounced labor unions as "tyrannical organizations," this afternoon handed down an opinion in the case of C. L. Flaccus, a glass manufacturer, versus William J. Smith, president of the Flint Glass Workers' union, and others. Flaccus asked for an injunction to restrain the defendants from interfering with apprentices and workmen in his employ. During the hearing the union claimed authority over apprentices who had joined it. The court says the union has no such authority, the rules binding the masters only. In the order granting the injunction Judge White wrote:

"If it were not for these independent factories many a worthy young man would be prevented from learning a trade, for in union factories the master cannot take an apprentice without the consent of the union. Such rules and regulations of these trade unions strike at the first principles of personal liberty in a free country; they are oppressive and dangerous to the peace and good order of society."

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